

The Great American Thirst For Our Water

MARCH 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

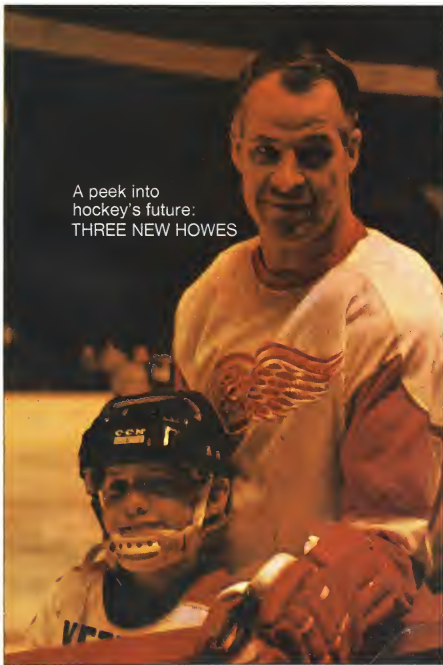
MACLEAN'S

A peek into
hockey's future:
THREE NEW HOWES



**HOW
WOMEN
EXPLOIT
WOMEN**

**HOW
CREDIT
SPIES
STEAL
YOUR
PRIVACY**



for people
with a taste
for
something
better

today's
duMAURIER



CANADA REPORT MARCH 1970

The Credit-Spy Can Ruin You.

He Knows- And Tells:

- ☐ HOW YOU GET ALONG WITH YOUR WIFE
- ☐ WHAT KIND OF FRIENDS YOU KEEP
- ☐ IF YOUR MORALS ARE UP TO SCRATCH
- ☐ ANY TROUBLE YOU EVER HAD WITH THE LAW
- ☐ BAD DEBTS YOU'VE ALREADY PAID OFF
- ☐ ADVERSE COURT ORDERS YOU REALLY WON
- ☐ HOW MUCH YOU DRINK
- ☐ WHETHER YOUR NEIGHBORS THINK YOU'RE NICE

*Who has such awful power —
over your jobs, credit, insurance,
professional standing?*

Typically, he is in his 20s, has a high-school education, earns \$450 a month, stays at his job for a year or two. On the average he chums out your dossier in less than half an hour. He, and his office, often get it wrong. But you never know that — until there's trouble. Even then, no laws control him. He can ruin you. And there's nothing — yet — that you can do. He is a credit spy.

BY COURTNEY TOWER





CC 970 9120 1

A. MARTIN



GULF OIL CANADA
TRAVEL CARD / CARTE-VOYAGE

941 235 678 01

S. M. GILBERT 1971



Shell Canada Limited
CREDIT CARD
CARTE CREDIT

T. L. ROY

551 120 876

1971

Use one of these to sign for one of these.



You don't need cash to rent

TILDEN

Choose it then charge it.

Your credit card gets you a big choice at Tilden. Sparkling new Chevrolets and Pontiacs, station wagons, sports cars, campers and selected cars.

You can charge your Tilden car as just about any leading credit card, including major oil company cards and, of course, our own.



It's just like charging your gas.

When you rent a Tilden car with an Esso, Gulf or Shell credit card, your rent is added to their regular monthly statement, to be paid in the usual time and way.

If you're browsing abroad, you can use your Tilden credit card when you rent from one of our world-wide affiliates (in the U.S.A., it's McNeil Car Rental).

Tilden/Shell/Esso 1971 Buick Wildcat, Montreal

He lost 10 years through trial-by-hearsay

BRUCE MCGRATH still thinks credit and character reporting on people is necessary in today's society. "But it shouldn't be," he still believes, "there should be less about false reporting." Bruce McGrath should know. Seven years ago he collapsed into Canada's credit-reporting system and he has not recovered yet.

McGrath will be 34 in May. He is a second-year law student at the University of Western Ontario, London. He will be 37 before he can begin to practise law. His wife Judith, a nurse, still lives here, but the principal breadwinner for themselves and daughter Tracey, now nine, for most of 10 years.

When he was 27, the future looked good for McGrath. He was the branch manager for a finance company of Barrie, Ontario. He had climbed aggressively, rapidly, in five years, through the hierarchies of three companies. He had made some money on the way up. But Barrie was home and he was well known — especially as a 150-pound but terribly intelligent quarterback of the Barrie Golden Bears and Storm Troopers. He was respected for personal reasons, which McGrath's father had nothing to do with his ability, business judgment or honesty.

With his background, McGrath had no trouble getting job interviews with big, top 12 different firms. In some interviews he was told he was hired — but there was always a final rejection. He couldn't find out why. Then a Barrie-based businessman offered him a job, and McGrath took it. "I don't know what it is, but some thing is wrong. I've had a dozen jobs offered and three withdrawn." The man called on the McGrath's a few days later. He brought a personal file compiled by a large firm that specializes in such reporting.

That report quoted unnamed prominent colleagues as saying McGrath had been "fired." The reason given was the unspecified charge of "poor morals." His colleagues with an earlier employer said McGrath had been sacked there, too, when in fact he'd been promoted twice and had resigned for a better job. After his out of London in showing McGrath what was said about him (subsequent agreements not to list subjects on the report), the Barrie businessman withdrew his job offer. McGrath was never able to get the reporting company to show him the file. No law says it must, unless the company is sued. Yet it was there for any who sought business. Six to ten, for about \$25 a week. He could not get the record straight on how permits him that night.

Unable to find work, McGrath tried running his own Barrie men's-wear shop for nearly two years, but he was undercapitalized and failed. He job-hunted again without luck. "Finally we decided to make a whole new start," he says, and the McGraths went to the University of Western Ontario. McGrath pays his law tuition with money earned doing part-time jobs, and with



A credit report finished Bruce McGrath's career in 1963. He'd be in a new one, the one in 1972. He wonders if, even then, he'd be able to see the record he could never answer.

"poor morals." His colleagues with an earlier employer said McGrath had been sacked there, too, when in fact he'd been promoted twice and had resigned for a better job. After his out of London in showing McGrath what was said about him (subsequent agreements not to list subjects on the report), the Barrie businessman withdrew his job offer. McGrath was never able to get the reporting company to show him the file. No law says it must, unless the company is sued. Yet it was there for any who sought business. Six to ten, for about \$25 a week. He could not get the record straight on how permits him that night.

Unable to find work, McGrath tried running his own Barrie men's-wear shop for nearly two years, but he was undercapitalized and failed. He job-hunted again without luck. "Finally we decided to make a whole new start," he says, and the McGraths went to the University of Western Ontario. McGrath pays his law tuition with money earned doing part-time jobs, and with

the help of provincial loans and business funds works at St. Joseph's Hospital to ease the family expenditures. Their living is secure, but not!

McGrath resents "observed by the witnesses of it — nothing makes these people responsible for their lives. Surely there should be a right to know your accuser? Nothing even forces them to remove information after a certain passage of time — maybe I'll still be under the gas when I graduate." The credit-reporting agencies all say they remove adverse information eventually, often after seven years. But that is not required in law and there is no way of checking.

McGrath came to McGrath's. We asked two agencies to report on him as a prospective employee. One quickly gave him a thoroughly negative report. The other said that made the damning 1963 report — telephoned first to say that he was dropping out to be a bad risk. Then it sent a man around to say that McGrath was a "credit-risker." We said we'd like a report, anyway. During the time we were interviewing officers of this and other agencies about credit reporting and his agency calculated a score in its computer showing them of McGrath's interest. The McGrath report was sent by the company's house officer in the United States. Finally we got it — 46 days after we had asked for it. Such reports normally take less than a week to provide. And McGrath, that had risk and credit-risker, came through transformed. That old job of his? Why he wasn't fired at all, but had resigned, according to the report. "Morals?" "No criticism of subject's reputation or association."

Is that the company's last word on Bruce McGrath? We don't know. Neither does he. □

"A man's right to privacy includes protection from any type of surveillance without his consent."
James M. H. Jones, M.D.

He says prying is good for us



CRACK is a privilege and you must lose some of your privacy to prove you deserve it." This is the blunt, life-of-the-risk of M. T. Pearson, principal manager of the 153-member Associated Credit Bureau of Canada. "I don't believe we are invading privacy — we are just gathering factual material," he says. "Factual material" no more than six million Canadians a year, establishing that almost mythical credit of your worth, your credit rating. It is a mostly factual listing of how you've paid your debts, a list that is prepared from and shared by 40,000 business members.

Credit bureaus send out on forms to judge your personal life. That is done by other, responsible, agencies whose "factual representations" question neighbors, co-workers, former employers — mostly for personal and business reports, such as those on Bruce McGrath (left). But what the credit bureaus now do is keep on file facts — or alleged facts — that would, and do, damage the people they're about without their knowledge. Truck company owner Karl Renter discovered that when he went to the Greater Toronto Credit Bureau, simply as a lender to his son. Mr. Renter is active in the Consumers Association of Canada, which last spring made a national claim on credit-bureau checks that any subject could

Oh, you men and your heroics!
Do I always have to earn
my Canadian Club the hard way?

Yes.



A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



PRIVACY (continued)

see his file — and proved that they could not. Kemer was shocked to find two 1965 writs recorded against him, although one had been withdrawn and he had won the other. "I have a right to know what information is being gathered about me, and who is using the information," he says. But in law, he does not have that right.

While the 2,500 credit-bureau employees do not go out to sniff, they do clip newspaper stories about us, delve into court reports and telephone our employers. Credit bureaus can give you someone else's bad rating by moving up scores. They can also label you a "bad payer" because you withheld payments on a defective article, which is your right under the law of contract.

Both credit bureaus and investigative agencies co-operate with the police and the income-tax department with

"Your name will never be developed to another statute law, and, needless to say of course, never in a civil matter."

President of Credit Bureau of Ontario, Toronto

out your knowledge, and with lawyers who sue them for libeling and getting information on people.

The credit bureaus are really far ahead reporting errors, according to new guidelines made to improve their error. Creditors are not law, however. Should they be written into law?

Parsons, convinced that business efficiency is society's greatest virtue, differs with a growing body of lawyers and politicians who want everyone to be abroad wherever adverse reports are made about them.

The necessity of credit in Canada gives urgency to the arguments. Canadians are \$11 billion in debt. The total topped by \$1.5 billion in 1969. Collectively we pay back \$700 million a month on consumer debts, or \$16 out of every \$100 we earn each year. Parsons says buying on credit is so important that regulations

about privacy should not be permitted to dry up the flow of business information that makes it work. Professor Edward Ryan of the University of Western Ontario, adviser to a House of Commons committee studying privacy, says, however, that credit is "a social necessity for both business and individuals." He says, however, Boudrias because it is "prejudicial" to grant credit, department stores did \$600 million in credit sales in 1968, of companies \$175 million — one source for both. Moreover, business charges 15 percent and more interest on the business of credit. Ryan says the two factors must offset the three percent or less of bad debts credit business report.

In a report to the Ontario Law Reform Commission, Ryan urges that invasion of privacy be made a legal offence. He would outlaw asking such questions as whether a person is "served," "well-served," or "best." Prof. John Sharp of the University of Manitoba recommends that anyone be listed as credit subject whose any — at least, any adverse — reports are made about him. Parsons says that would cost too much. If the subject must be notified, he says, it should be by the department store that doesn't grant credit, the employer who doesn't hire him. Federal Justice Minister John Turner says his department will consider laws that must be passed to protect Canadians from credit spying and other "data surreptitious."

Wesley Kneib (below), 29-year-old Toronto salesman, accuses us of not having credit "control" to keep up an economic production of reports on people. Anyway, I'm not introducing myself with a phony name as the law sources I did interview.



'Why, the things I could tell you . . .'



and the things you do tell the credit spy about your neighbors — more than you'd dream! An ex-spy, whose story is below, finds women feel because they're lonely.

I was an investigator for the Retail Credit Company of Canada for 15 years. I am not using my name, here, because I am not all that proud of having liked 100,000 "control" to keep up an economic production of reports on people. Anyway, I'm not introducing myself with a phony name as the law sources I did interview.

At the end of 15 years I was fired because I made a favorable life-insurance report on a man and quoted only one source, he replied. The "sweetheart" checks "as we call them, had ended for me. Retail makes periodic spot checks of investigators' work, but if they want to keep you on staff

sometimes write up an adverse and says "Watch out for Thursday the 23rd." So you're careful to drop production by half that day — my usual report was about 25 — and your quality of reporting is superb — on Thursday the 23rd. Anyway, I'd lasted longer than most — I was unable to covering my tracks. At 42, I was one of the granddaughters of the company in the Toronto area (Retail Credit Company of Canada, a wholly owned subsidiary of Retail Credit Corp., Atlanta, Georgia, has five million Canadians on file in its 28 offices across Canada. It provides two million reports on them to subscribers, mostly for insurance and credit purposes. Retail Credit Company, General Agency, is also a subsidiary that reports only on credit matters, has 100,000 Canadians on file and makes 100,000 reports weekly. A total of 400 investigators provide those two million reports every year.)

When I left I was earning \$570 a month — more than most of my colleagues — plus about \$50 a week in overtime. And then I averaged maybe \$30 a month in overtime. In effect, I was paid by the report, and that is the whole reason for the pressure on you to produce, produce, produce reports.

What they did was split up my salary and mileage about \$60 (together and figure that I should care double that from my reports — half for them, half for the New Retail changes companies) four dollars for an ordinary life insurance report, my specialty and \$4.35 for rate man

Looking for new faces? Europe will show you some smiles.



With Air Canada you're just a few hours from the most friendly faces in the world. You can meet them over a pint in a London pub or over a stein at a German beer garden. You'll find yourself with a kind of joy you'd forgotten existed. No matter where, the people of Europe will show you some good times. And getting there has never been less expensive. Fly away with Air Canada to any one of 10 great European countries, with an elevenh, Czechoslovakia, added this spring. Call a travel agent or Air Canada.

Air Canada, P.O. Box 188
Mississauga, Ont. L4V 1R1

I'm looking for new faces. Please send me your free kit to help me fill about Air Canada's Europe.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

My travel agent is _____

AIR CANADA

 We're going places!

SPI (continued)

since if you take an average of four dollars a report, you can work it out that I would have had to do 166 reports a month (15 a day) to clear my keep and theirs. Then we investigation was charged for the two dollars an hour paid the girls who typed out reports. Of course, at that kind of salary, we had to try for all the houses we could get. The houses came after you had covered your salary and expenses — half for Kristal, half for you.

Anyone who couldn't consistently produce up to target was fired for not trying or for trying too hard — being "overly ambitious."

I would arrive at the office at 8:15 a.m. and decide yesterday's ones from my grip sheet (thirty pages some). At 10:10 or 11 I'd make a lineup of 15 or 30 life insurance cases, my, and do some on the street work, as we call it — actual interviewing of your wife, neighbor or boss. I wouldn't do any more

"Treating in reputation must be extended"

and Edward King, a writer, said that in his book, "Treating in reputation must be extended"

than one or four of them, they just took the idea. If you were my subject, I probably wouldn't talk to you. I'd give you a trial, but never hear your side. Hell, you might get mad at me, and complain. Then I'd go to my own house and get on the telephone. I'd call neighbors or former bosses or colleagues. If I got one answer, I'd call it two.

I always tried to get one answer, anyway, but I "looked" most of the supporting facts. Some guys would cook an entire report sometimes, often in alleged updating of old reports, but it's too dangerous. I've seen a man dead six months being written up as enjoying good health, then recently steadily employed. On his reports, an occasional "he's" subject was written up "he's" subject. They look so much like he's been. I'd ask the usual questions about your health, whether you drink too much, if you kept current, how your boss

ruled you at work, whether you seemed to be well-off, if you had sold parties how you paid your bills. One neighbor's description of you as a "bad driver" would blow your chances to get into an insurance at normal rates — I'd rarely double-check.

I was never punched in 15 years although I've been ordered off a lot of women. But neighbors are pretty fairly coming — especially women. I don't think they make how much they give away. I think a lot of women are just lonely for someone to talk to.

I would see their "facts" and opinions to produce one "productive" in every three reports and one "decline" in every 10. That was to maintain a high, respectable company image among neighbors. A "productive" is a note of caution about you; for example, a statement that you enjoy a hazardous report such as scale driving. A "decline" is a recommendation that an application for credit or insurance be rejected.

And so if I was doing a life insurance report on a child, say, and the kid was at home with a cold, I'd probably build it up to bronchitis. If you drink a lot, I'd put it down as a lot, then lead

to what I talked about a person's drinking, or about his morals. I usually would have spoken in one direction, who might or might not have been prejudiced or unbalanced. Usually, it would stand out, and the insurance company would judge accordingly. Its tough, I know, but it's the way we had to play it.

(Note: On November 1, 1969, Retail Credit Company changed some of its terminology. A company-managed newsletter and this was because of British insurance law under "murder" as well as into the public eye. Thus, "productive" and "decline" are now "significant information." An inspector is a "field representative." "Good" was changed to "improvement," "poor" is "deterioration," which is described as "the productive and employee error in such and against which their efficiency is measured.")

"What's wrong with hearing every day. We couldn't have a divided society without hearing."

General Counsel, Retail Credit Company

Don't hire this girl she fights for her rights

A COMMITTEE of the Alberta legislature studying privacy was told last fall of a man who couldn't get credit or open an account at any one of four banks. Their was partly because a credit report plainly stated "hear up" claimed he had been "convicted of harassment" with letters and postcards. This can be the subject of reporting of the situation that used people out to that up the neighbor's wife or an employer about you. Then are some actual reports on Canadians who applied for jobs or insurance.

□ "Subject did not have a too formal [sic] education. We are told that he thinks highly of himself and creates a good impression. He does not live up to the impression he creates, however."

□ "Subject's employer was contacted under protest." Sometimes a "leader" strong protest. A lawyer defined protest as "a non-violent falsehood to get information."

□ There were some serious doubts regarding a "series of personal responsibility and it appeared he had a cavalier and indifferent attitude toward his obligations."

□ A question was raised about the lack of ability of a girl who "will not hesitate to stand up for what she feels her rights to be." However, the reporter had "no adverse comment regarding the subject's moral or social behavior."

□ "The subject is said to lack initiative and is not a self-starter." This self-starter phrase appears in numerous personal reports. To make things worse, the subject of this report was also guilty of thinking. "His attitudes are reflective." □

"Why should you know what we call you?"



To CORBIN ALEXANDER, adding your neighbors about your drinking, driving and morals is a proper way to protect "the free enterprise way of life which puts us in the best damn society in the world." It is a rule he vigorously defends in the upstart in Canada, regional vice-president for the American-owned Retail Credit Company of Canada.

Retail Credit's protective enterprise grossed it \$5,931,445 in Canada in 1968 and Kennedy expects the 1969 figures to be better. He is 44, was raised in the Province. He joined Retail Credit in 1946 after he got out of the RCMP and when you had him in his white-walled Toronto office, he would you to call him Gord. He also wants you to know that "most of the fact sheet credit reporting is false. We don't create a person's record. He must live with the consequences of his past actions."

Kennedy believes the press and politicians are wrong in their demands that credit agencies reform people of reports made about them and restrict the personal questions they ask. "There's nothing wrong with good behavior," Kennedy says. "I don't think

living for the record does anything but good for the individual. I don't see that it is necessary to let an individual know when a negative report is made about him. It would dry up the flow of business information. The whole society would suffer. People would be harassed for giving information. It would put up the costs of our business to the consumer. Employers wouldn't order reports on potential people and they would suffer."

Furthermore, if we cut the flow of business information, we stand in danger of Canadian industries being threatened. "By whom?" Kennedy asks. "If we don't protect privacy we'll be working for the overlords." Kennedy says, "Looting, arson, rape — these are the people who threaten industry, drive cars, drive in crowds." Does he have any more concerns? "We don't keep such statistics. These are police matters."

Kennedy denies that his investigators are in effect paid by the report and that much of their work on the telephone (see page 3). "There are certain norms of productivity that an employer must fill based on his salary. But if he is well off and says he'd like to get his regular salary. So he is on salary," Kennedy says. "Most of our information is earned here to hire."

He denies that his telephone work is particularly noisy. "The investigators must have at least high-school education. In the Toronto area they start at \$450 to \$500 a month and go up higher on performance and merit."

The questions the investigators ask are vital to business, Kennedy says. "In some cases, it would be pertinent to know if a person was a drinker, or didn't get along with his wife. If a man is having marital difficulties, his work could be affected."

As long as the prospective employee knows the circumstances, he's to a position to employ a man and possibly help him.

Kennedy's investigators use an American's Handy Guide that tells them what questions to ask. What is the real reason

of the divorce? Is followed by, "Covers habits and morals prior to divorce and reputation since divorce." The words who fresh evidence of goodness is gained. "You or more studies would be a sign that the applicant is leading a loose life and would warrant close investigation of morals." Kennedy says it's the contractor companies using his service that want to know. "Are associations pronounced or confined to one?" and "Has any family trouble resulted?"

There are plans for the investigator to tick off whether your home is "well kept," "visited" or "frequent." The investigator must ask about you. "How is he regarded? Australian? Mental? Character? How is his family regarded? Wife's attitude and influence? Any difficulty with authorities? Driving reputation? Sometimes the operators must check out your dog — Is dog vicious or friendly?"

Anyone who doesn't conform to some national model-American stereotype must be researched with special care. If a person seems fat "Is excess weight concentrated, flabby, or well distributed and firm?" And the sports, the awards, the special occasions — should receive special comment.

Kennedy explains, "By knowing all the details of the case — and most cases are particularly nasty — the insurance company can give policies to great numbers of people they might not otherwise take a chance on."

But shouldn't a subject have the right to know the questions asked and answered about his life? "Anybody who wants to can come in and talk to our managers about his life," Kennedy replies. "But he won't be allowed to see it." □

"Mr. . . . was disturbed from . . . We are told that he made a very good impression but he is not a too hard worker and has the reputation to be a killer."

Investigator in a personnel office in a trading agency

Next: The Multi-National Secrets Corp.



A horn or money has tempted "Erie Canadian" into bureaucracy about the new age of computerized information systems. It is the worry that credit reporting and other firms are sending personal information about Canadians to be stored in money-banks in the United States. "We are losing control of how information will be stored and processed," the federal Communications Minister fears.

Credit and character files in Canada are flowing on telephone lines into computer across the border now, according to people in Ottawa. The two main U.S.-owned reporting agencies in Canada — Retail Credit Company of Canada and Hepler-Hickson-Burnett — and all the nation's 153 local credit bureaus have always been able to ship information south. But the data bank brings a new and awesome efficiency to the process. It could save your whole credit history plan all the other information that is on record about you — your birth, schooling, marriage, income taxes, city taxes, driving history, previous car, credit record history. Once it was physically impossible to collect so much information about a man and his life.

The data bank can do it all and great out a united snapshot of your habits and the way you think. Enthusiasts in Kierren's department says that Canada should spend billions in public and private funds to cooperate with the United States

with the United States in the computerized information industry. They say it will become as common as oil in the automobile industry, or broadcasting. Right now, all Canada's computerized information and hold the companies that provide the space and time and programs in data banks are in American hands.

Kierren says propose a national computer network controlled by a public board, to stop what he sees as a dangerous drift. Otherwise he says, Canada could lose privacy from that could be bypassed through the storage of private information outside the country. Canadian citizens would not be able to make a search of the records of a Canadian business. Facts about our resources could be stored abroad, for anyone to see. Professor Edward Ryba of the University of Western Ontario, advocate to a Commission on corporate identity privacy, would also have laws restricting the kind of information that may be sent out of Canada. One reason "Without controls, these credit-reporting agencies can be foreign intelligence system." □

"Hidden first on the private lives of Canadians, without their knowledge or consent, or right of refusal, being the world of 1984 has close for control."

James Morrison (July 1984, p. 10)

They're a tough act to follow.



All in all, the airlines put on a pretty impressive show. And since Airs believes that seeing a car is the second half of your plane trip, we see no reason why you shouldn't expect just as good a show from us.

So we treat all of our girls the way airlines treat their groundsmen. (They even go to a special training school.)

We staff our locations with top notch ground crews. (They keep our shiny new Plymouths shiny, inside and out.)

We have an around-the-world reservation book-up. But maybe most important, we never stop looking for new ways to improve our act.

Stop by and watch it next time you land. It's a continuous performance.

Take right off again with Airs.



Ben & Hedges 1000
Same price as ordinary kings
but smoother because
they're longer.



EACH MONTH Marlowe's receives around 100 unsolicited manuscripts from would-be writers. Despite what many on our staff (Barnesway believes) we read them all. Some have good subjects, but are badly written; some are well-written, but on a terrible subject. And once in a while we receive a happy marriage of subject and talent, such as in the story by Pamela Anderson, *Joe And Marjorie In The Prison And Land*.

Mrs. Andrus is a 29-year-old ex-nursery now married to the game warden for the remote Dove Lake region in northern Saskatchewan. Frank Andrus works long hours and is often away for days. To pass the time, Patricia sews and knits and bakes — and when she's worried of these as a fulfilling means of passing the long, lonely winter hours, she turned to writing.

Unknown to her, she did what any professional writer would have advised: she wrote about the world she knew, the world of Bear Lake and its two dozen or so inhabitants, mostly Native American families who live by fishing and hunting and work ranches where horses are subjects of devotion. She wrote particularly of old Joe Ironwood and his rambling, yet tragic, romance with his 77-year-old wife, Maureen last year.

So we went to her. When director of photography Hans Eberich (aka to Pissini Albert) and then drove the 130 miles to Derr Lake, to discover Mrs. Andrews' story, writer-director Alia Edwards was along to spend three days helping Mrs. Andrews prepare her story for publication. The results are on page 33. ☐

IN SHIP VIEW ... AND FILMS

- 13 PROUDLY WE STAND THE BUTCHER'S HELPER by Walter Stewart
16 EFFETE MAGAZINE DESIRES CHEST HAIR
17 ASIN'S PERSPECTIVE
20 VANCOUVER NO CITY SQUARE HIPPES YOU KNOW by Roland Wolf
22 YOUR VIEW: LETTERS
23 COPS, KARATE, HATE, LOVE AND ALL LIKE THAT by Bob Bosen
31 WHEN THE AIR RUNS OUT, WHERE WILL YOUR KIDS BE? by Henry Brown

THE NATIONAL SCENE

- 1 CANADA REPORT: CREDIT SPIES CAN RUIN YOU by Courtney Towner
33 JOE AND MARYA IN THE PROMISED LAND by Pamela Andros
42 WATER: THE SELLOUT THAT COULD END CANADA by Walter Stewart

HAPPY NEW YEAR

- ## 38 HOW WOMEN IN POWER KEEP OTHER WOMEN POWERLESS by Margaret Day

AT YOUR SERVICE

- 42 TRAVEL, TURKEY—WHERE TWO WORLDS MEET by Janet Maslin
54 MONEY, MUTUAL FUNDS CAN BE LIKE TOO MUCH SHORTCUT
56 MEDICINE, YOUR GUIDE TO THE MEDICARE MAZE by David Gussell
58 TRENDS, RAY MORRIS—DESIGNER OF SEDUCTION by Margie Hines
64 FASHION, SNOW SAUNAS AND SPRINKLES by Margie Hines
66 THE OUTDOORS CAN RACE THAT DON'T KILL by William Safire

REFERENCES

- 23** Prep takes on Backs: Douglas Marshall on Television, current films of interest and Canada's entertainment story of the month. Plus a few surprises. What, for example, will Gordon Sinclair ask next? (See Context — page 80)

PULITUM

- 49 BILINGUAL CROSSWORD FOR NON BILINGUAL PEOPLE—NO. 1
By Bette Hamilton

[illegible][illegible]

POSTS QUOTE:—Crew grade. Entry Manual. Miscellaneous. Good. Defensible. Page 36. Book Address: Page 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860.

Green Nation is a monthly
magazine, published by
Greenpeace Canada, 100
King Street West, Suite 1000
Toronto, Ontario M5X 1C5.
Subscription rates: \$5.00
per year, \$1.50 per issue.
Single issues: \$1.50 per
issue. All prices include
GST. GST #R123045678.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____ Zone _____
M5C _____

12:02 a.m.
This is the moment
to toggle through
greening while
dread villages. To
find a breath at
your own. And
spend the day
surrendering
morning and
sitting in the
bird all the blue
waters of the
August.

GREENPEACE THIS IS THE MOMENT!

7:35 a.m.
This is the moment
to see ancient
temples glowing in
the water morning
light. To dance of
candle-lit lanterns
and lanterns. To
feel the pure
luminous light in
the clear air of
the present.

5:10 p.m.
This is the moment
to jump under a
steady river flow.
To watch a fish-
based trout
breed. Mayan
waiting. Green
down and here
d. On river. And
stop a delicious
dry white wine.

1970. This is the
moment. Your
moment. To
discover Greenpeace.

Canada, too, does her bloody bit in Vietnam—
and, gee, it feels good (BELOW)

In BC, "hippie" still equals "rioter" (P. 20)

Our Token Radical meets a real one (P. 28)

Father of Three awaits the Day of Judgment (P. 31)

And Maclean's readers offer a piece of their mind
and the back of their hand on everything from
the monarchy, to bug killers, to sexploitation



BY WALTER STEWART

Proudly we stand, the 'butcher's helper' in Southeast Asia

WHEN I READ ABOUT AN American soldier firing a clip of tracer bullets into a group of women and children in some Mekong hamlet, I feel a quiet thrill of pride. The vivid description of a fighter-bomber swirling over the hills near Kien Giang, spraying napalm, sends a surge of patriotic courage through my veins. An eyewitness account of bombs wrenching at rice paddies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail strikes me like the cry of anguish. After all, I tell myself, it's our war, too.

The ammunition for this soldier's

rely may have ridden in a De Havilland Caribou built at Milton, Ontario—this napalm-spraying fighter-bomber was almost certainly equipped with a Canadian-made Maccan Dappler Navigation System, those bombs along the Ho Chi Minh Trail may have been made from aluminum shipped out of Valleyfield, Quebec, and dispersed by a bombing computer fashioned in Kinsdale, Ontario.

For too long, now, the Americans have been taking all the glory in Vietnam. We do not put, yes Oh, I know we don't send troops in. After all, we are members of the International Control Commission and, as then-External Affairs Minister Paul Martin once told the House of Commons, "Our membership in the Commission makes Canada an independent witness, and this role we must continue to exercise objectively and impartially." We do this by selling Americans the weapons they need to kill Gue, Dappler and Snakeheads. I like to think of this as "creative impartiality," or maybe even "profit-oriented objectivity."

We furnish arms under the Canada-U.S. Defense Production Sharing Agreement, which allows us to bid for military contracts across the border, just as if we were Americans—and at war with Vietnam. Under that agreement, we have sold more than \$2.5 billion worth of war material since 1959, from M16 for land mines to rockets for bullets, from complex electronic gear to the Green Beret units to proudly through duty a resolute hamlet. They're now together in Tonkin.

We even put out an aerial catalogue, *Canadian De-*

vice Commission's kind of Westinghouse's Shopping Guide, with the names of some of the goods we have to offer, and we send troops of soldiers around the U.S. to drum up business. (I remember sending an account to the New York Times about a U.S. soldier throwing an elderly peasant into a well and dropping a hand grenade in after him, I couldn't help wondering if it was one of ours.)

While we don't go around big-mouthing our role, the very same nations might, the Americans appreciate what we're doing. A senior U.S. Defense official told me, "Canada's contribution has been considerable. It wasn't so much the volume of what we sell last year we supplied about \$150 million worth—in our expertise in those fields we have made our specialty. Nobody makes a better bombing computer than the one turned out by Latham Systems, just outside Toronto, and our navigation systems are installed in nearly all U.S. military aircraft. If we didn't have this material, it wouldn't cripple us, the Pentagon men told me, but it would hurt."

There are some left-leaning newspapermen who think we should scrap the defense-sharing agreement. I don't understand them. Here in a deal that brings us profits, brings the U.S. weapons and doesn't hurt anybody, except a bunch of Yellow Perks, and you are not, for God's sake, going to bring them into it!

At one time, I thought it wasn't such a good idea to sell arms to the Americans. Article 17 of the 1944 Geneva Convention specifically prohibits importing arms into Vietnam.

more quality
more colour
...more value too!



how come?

People may reminisce about the "good old days" ... but rarely about the good old products. Howtelevs, modern science and technology has brought some pretty fabulous things our way. Take, for instance, television. In 1950, a 10" black and white set was a buy at \$555. Today, for that price, we expect a better set that's twice the size. And we get it in colour too.

How come? Many reasons. Advertising is one of them. Advertising spreads the word to millions of people. It is the desire of millions that makes these products practical. And mass production makes low costs possible.

Take a look around you. Part of our good life is the good things in it. And advertising helps good things happen.

advertising helps
good things happen

1-800-8

"It was our first vacation alone
in twelve years.

Dick felt so bad about losing
our money, I did my best to pretend
it didn't really matter."



Dick and June Stanley were hardly what you'd call experienced travelers—so they took along cash instead of American Express Travelers Cheques.

The third afternoon in Miami Dick's wallet disappeared. He

blamed it on himself—said it must have fallen out of a jacket he'd draped over his shoulder. In any event, goodbye \$380.

The Stanleys decided there was nothing to do but pack up and go home.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose the Stanleys had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then they could have gone to the local American Express office or representative—we're all over the world—and got their missing Cheques replaced. Result—one vacation rectified.

Another big advantage: No other form of money is as

acceptable as American Express Travelers Cheques. Our Cheques are good all over the world. At restaurants, motels, hotels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where you



Like this Express Travelers Cheque—like money you can't really lose.

bank. They come in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, and they cost just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for \$3.20, Dick and June Stanley could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

WALTER STEWART continues

and, as members of the ICC, we are pledged to enforce that covenant. Somehow it didn't seem quite right that we should be in the business of breaking it. Government spokesmen used to say that, well, we didn't know for sure that our weapons were going to Vietnam, and I accepted that, but one time I traced a shipment of dynamite from the Canadian Industries Limited plant at Valleyfield, Quebec, into a munitions plant in Chrome, Indiana, where it was made into bombs and loaded on trucks for transport to Vietnam. When your bombs go out of here," the deputy director of ordnance told me, "they're still warm."

Well, that gave me a kind of queasy feeling, so I raised the issue the other day with one of our diplomats in Washington, an attaché connected to Canada-U.S. military liaison. I asked him about our role on the ICC and our role in arms transfers, and he set me straight. "I think you're being a little bit out-picking," he told me. You see how these diplomats operate, their mastery of the language. Obviously is an official policy of profanity. Heedily, I responded, "I'm not sure I'm a lot of things, but I never would have thought of 'out-picking'."

That same diplomat gave me a speech written by former Prime Minister Lester Pearson which sets out the official Canadian position. He asked me to "read, hear and ruminously digest" the speech I did, and I'm glad I did. Pearson said just about what Prime Minister Trudeau says, that the debate-sharing deal began before the Vietnam war, that to abrogate it would not end the war but would hurt Canada economically (about 100,000 jobs would be affected), and that it would make the Americans very cross. It's as if we ran a large department store and our best customer bought, among other things, a lot of guns. Then it turned out that he used our guns to rob his store. Should we stop selling him ammunition just because of that? After all, he was a customer before he was a bank robber. What if he stopped buying from us altogether? We'd have to lay off staff, and that wouldn't make our robberies any less profitable.

No, it's in this article told me, "The question is not our view of the ICC, but our view of the piece of real estate called North America, which we share with the U.S. We may not agree with what they're doing in Vietnam, but you don't forsake your friends just because they do something you don't like."

"It's as if," he went on, drawing a brilliant parallel, "you had a neighbor whose dog was destroying your back-

Articles wanted: effete magazine desires chest hairs

NOW MAGAZINE OF PART

Not to put too fine a point on it, Maclean's has become an appalling magazine, unworthy of the great name it possesses and the legislative concern its plight has aroused in Ottawa. It is ludicrous to consider its virtue and shortcomings in detail; its central task is that it has lost touch with the Canadian public it once served so well, and has become a purely parochial publication whose outlook reflects the Toronto elites. To some degree, nations may be said to have a sin, and to that degree Canada is

It certainly is a good thing that, just before our next election (it's hardly over and any more), there are the offices of The Canadian Press Clipping Service, and that Maclean's subscribes to the service. Otherwise, we might never have seen that beating and heavy-handed editorial from the Grillo-Packer and Times, and that would have been our loss. In the past, we have only suspected that our magazine could use a few more hairs on its chest. The last advice of the Grillo-Packer and Times has forced us to think about growing the hairs, and we're grateful.

We're pretty sure the editor of the Packer and Times will regard it as typical of an effete scribe, that none of us even threatened to go up there into the red Canada and howl at him but actually, the business of mauling souls really has left us feeling distinctly off-balance — yes, maybe even a little out of — and, in any event, we feel that someone should be big enough to profit from constructive and well-earned criticism. The man wouldn't have and these

men. Now you might not like it, but you would learn to accept it." Especially, I saw in this article the parallel, when my attempt to live with the dog might result in having your three torn out. By that I mean that if we broke the detente-sharing agreement, our friends and neighbors would be, as an ancient secretary of defense once told me, "praying golden spurs," and might exact economic reprisals.

Well, we are in a reformulating period, especially where the Americans are concerned. When India and Pakistan fought off against each other, we embargoed arms at once, when war broke out between Israel and Egypt, we did the same, but not in Vietnam. We don't take it amiss that we can send munitions to South Vietnam but, because most of our big

male, and exhibits mostly masculine characteristics. Maclean's, by contrast, is almost entirely feminine, full of bright chatter and naive non-sensibilities, one wonders whether the magazine requires a man's nose for its sniff.

If there is ever again to be a real national magazine in this increasingly regionalized country, it will probably have to be published outside the Toronto-Montreal axis, preferably by someone with a few hairs on his chest to match the beard in his head.

— From a recent address
Grillo-Packer and Times

things unless he really cared about Maclean's and, what the hell, even the Packer and Times is one of Thomson Newspapers. Lured, it would have been hard to know when to howl at him. Not only that, the Thomson organization handles the business of all its half-owned Canadian newspapers from an office that's only 100 yards down the street from us. In a sense, they are fellow denizens of the effeminate axis of Toronto-Montreal, and who wants to whip a good neighbor? Like all good magazines of the past, we'd rather settle our differences over a good glass of honey.

It is for all these reasons that we would now like to dedicate some short verse to the editor of the Packer and Times. Appropriately, we find, the verse appeared first on the editorial page of his own paper, in the very middle "Poetry Corner." It goes like this:

"Greetings tender citizens,
Your steps are set too close,
Take your time on slippery streets,
And please don't throw snow." ☐

dog companies are U.S.-owned and controlled by their Trading With The Enemy Act, we cannot send munitions to North Vietnam. We even help the Americans with chemical and bacteriological warfare, at Safford, Alta. Then, our scientists study germ and gas weapons, so we'll know what to do if over the sea goes by them. So, the next time you see a picture of a Vietnamese baby lying in a puddle of his own blood, don't let the Americans take all the glory. That blood is ours, too. Credit where credit is due, is what I say. ☐

AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE John Munro—to legalize or not to legalize



Your bag?



Our bag!



Pot, b.c. pills, acid. Some do, most don't. They tell why on CBC Radio's Action Set. Open minded, open ended. Interviews with the Beatles, Dick Gregory and many, many others who matter. Music and the music scene from London, Nashville, San Francisco, L.A., and Toronto. Fashion, records, books, movies, ideas. Features on protests, pollution, politics... Whatever your bag, add CBC Radio's 'Action Set'.



'action set'
Saturdays

Hertz has a better way to go. No matter where you go.

Hertz has a better way to go on a business trip.

Figure the road expenses, accommodation, food, depreciation and hours wasted using your own car, and you'll see why a plane and a Hertz car can save you plenty of time and money.

And spare you the aggravation of missed connections and broken schedules.



Hertz has a better way to go on vacation.

Go when you want to go, see what you want to see. With a Hertz car your whole family can vacation for less, because the driver's seat is the only seat you pay for. Road maps, tour guides, even currency conversion tables are always available.

At many Hertz counters there's the Hertz Weekend Special.

You get a Hertz car from late Friday afternoon to early Monday morning at a special low rate. With Hertz, even small vacations can be great.



A Hertz car goes when your car won't go.

If your car breaks down, we can replace it with a Hertz convertible, station wagon, sports car, economy or luxury sedan—all in top working order. Throughout Canada, as a matter of policy, Hertz cars go through a 19-point check before we give you the keys.



Hertz has a better way to get you in and out of airports.

Just about everywhere there's an airport, there's a Hertz counter. With a Hertz car behind it. Sometimes there's also a Hertz "Golden Get" in front of it. She's there to see that you get your Ford or other fine car in double-quick time. And on your return, she'll make sure you can unload it just as swiftly.



A better way to go.

BY ROLAND WILD

Sorry, Vancouver, no city square for you. Hippies, you know

The hippie colonies are never able to grasp about the west coast is that, out here, our public men do not fantasize. They say what they mean, flat out, and if they sometimes strike you as abrupt or single-minded that's only because outsiders aren't used to politicians who have the guts to call things as they really are. Thus Earl-Grant is no idealist, and all that says may show politics being the art of compromise to appease the public frenzies of a man such as say, our William Norcliffe Chant. Chant is British Columbia's Minister of Public Works, and he's had the job for 15 years. He's 74, and in the oldest provincial cabinet minister in the country. He keeps his nose to the ground, and guarantees that his staff never motherbood, the Crown, and public buildings that do not offend Victorian Angles. If he's good enough for Wacky Bonetti he's good enough for most of us.

Now, to get back to his saying what he thinks. Chant has defied Prime Minister Trudeau as an opponent, but more interesting and recent than that there was his direct and refreshingly blunt statement on the dangerous threat of hippies in public places. Our need hardly explain that, in Chant's unequivocal view, hippies are undesirable. Anyway, the Mayor of Vancouver, Tom (Terrible) Campbell, had tried to talk the provincial government into wrapping some property with the city so that Vancouver might have a civic square near to the old downtown courthouse. Tom (Terrible) Campbell is wealthy, he wears side-whiskers, he's a young whippersnapper of only 41, and he's pleased to be known as the ball of fire. In this case, however, his energy failed to impress the provincial government. After a while, Chant explained why.

"This is an undesirable project with the major of society the way it is today. What type of people do you get in such a square? The hippies. It would be a good place to start a riot. A lot of these Communism-inspired people could come down there to riot hell." (NDP hippies are the worst kind.)

Beautiful, eh? Chant had interestingly put his finger on one of the great sources of trouble in our time. (By

DOT: It wasn't all bad

Regarding your article *The Death Of A Squall*: There is no evidence, even circumstantial, that "DOT may depreciate human reproductive rates, affect human behavioral patterns, and cause cancer." India has been intimately exposed to DOT. The period of heavy use was accompanied by a population explosion, and an increase in human life expectancy from 38 to 47 years along with the eradication of malaria. There was no cancer among workers at a factory where DOT was used for 25 years; some of these men were exposed for up to 19 years to levels of DOT 400 times as great as the general population, and 25 of them sired more than 100 children. Many experiments with laboratory animals indicate that DOT is not carcinogenic.

—Sharon Allen, Professor of Medical Physics, University of California, Berkeley

Jon Buddy did an excellent job on the dead-gull article. It is both factually correct and lyrical, no mean accomplishment. Well done.

—D.B. A. Chan, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Zoology, University of Toronto

public squares. Was he stupid enough to approve a land usage that would repeat the classic errors of Trafalgar Square, Washington Square, and St. Peter's in Rome? By gosh, sir, he was not! Even now, no could almost hear the echo of honest laughter as the Canucks cleared the Potemkin squares in 1917, and the rattle of rifle fire as the tables swarmed in Place Vendôme. True, the hippies, being half-foot, might not be very noisy, but the threat was nevertheless clear. Careful analysis by the Public Works Department had apparently shown that wherever you have a mid-city park, or a plaza, or a fountain, there you also have hippies. There are hundreds of hippies, not only in Vancouver but even in Victoria itself, and around the world, the lesson is clear for all who have the courage to acknowledge it. There are hippies in Piccadilly Circus, in Moscow's Red Square, in St. Mark's in Venice, in the marketplace in Kathmandu, and even among the curbs in the great consumerism of Afghanistan.

Concerning his remarks on Squares, The Danger In Our Midst, Chant said, "Much depends on where a square is, on how close to a certain area. If you do have open spaces, they should not be so large as areas in a block. Smaller squares downtown should serve the purpose better. It's much easier to control crowds in smaller areas."

Tom (Terrible) Campbell was dis-

appointed. He is so keen to the hippies, consciously himself, he said, "I'm prepared to take a chance that hippies, and other people, will use a thousand square in the centre of the city. But I don't follow the minister's reasoning. How big are the smaller squares that he recommends? What's the minimum size of big squares that he calls dangerous? Is this becoming a cow-disease problem? Do we have to rent the advice of the police and the armed services before we plan a city?"

By whatever measure, however, it was doubtful that anything young Campbell had to say would shake Chant from his irrefutable logic. But squads bring out hippies and Reds, hippies and Reds are undesirable, therefore, no big squares in Vancouver. Earl-Grant could use a few more like Chant in their governments, to use that popular hippie expression, they "say it like it is." □

What's a wife worth?

Is You & Your Money (Dorland) your child's, when-watching when eventually should be in mind. Putting it mildly, it does not usually cost a man much money to live his wife. His reduced costs should help pay for a household help after his wife's death.

Thanks a whole lot

Mr. R. E. Mitchell, Insurance and Financial Corporation, New York

ONTO EVERY CAR A LITTLE RAIN, SNOW, OR SLEET MUST FALL.

Life for an automobile is not all palm trees, polo ponies and white sandy beaches as the car ads would lead you to believe.

At Volvo, we accept life as it is. For better and for worse.

For instance, before we send a Volvo out into the world, it's covered with 33 pounds of paint, primer and rustproofing instead of a ton of chrome.

This is one of the reasons why 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered in Canada in the last eleven years are still on the road.

That's not a guarantee.

It's a fact of life.



Pollution and France Report: The defense and the critic

I FEEL IT IS NECESSARY TO CORRECT some inaccurate and flimsy statements made in the January Canada Report. The People's

[illegible]

Nervous quiver, when pruned, like an exposed root, will enter a phase of decay. I enter a phase example of the following passage from the *Journal* of reason that spray the natural landscape with so much hysterical sentiment, denial and shame that it is difficult to see the forest for the trees. I consent. One year's distance: permission from the letter that Dr. Rapert is an advocate of pollution — an endorsement of the "pollution industry" — not vice I challenge Dr. Rapert that any scientist I have made regarding Pesticide Rapert are laudable. Those kinds of pollution are the most common in the world: (1) there is not even a primary sewage disposal system, which means that all of the city's human excrement and its waste (solid, liquid, and gas) are directly into the Pacific Ocean. There is not a Canadian ship, not the garbage sewer of some communities in BC, and I cannot locate any sewage treatment plant in the area. (2) there is a dumping of refuse from Prince Rupert's fishing industry into the city's natural harbor, one of the finest in the world, and the harbor is operated by Columbia Collieries but within the city boundary, even if it is located eight miles from Prince Rupert, the pollution is in the area. Two comments: Dr. Rapert demonstrates the so-called "pollution approach" to anti-pollution problems. The "pollution approach" is largely discredited by its own use, which is a complete denial of any sense of environmental aesthetics or morality (no matter how much it is used to justify environmentally damaging poor health habits) and thus the suggestion that "pollution is a discredited activity on the world, every day, and it should be accepted. The capacity of the ocean, or any other large body of water, to absorb pollution is not infinite. Even if we have sea so tragically near the Great Lakes, my feelings about pollution from Prince Rupert are intensified by the fact that the city is the only major dumping place, located in one of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. It is harder to think of its future viability, and I am sure that the city and its committee on pollution of the local Chamber of Commerce. The most basic of all principles relating to the preservation of pollution is the responsibility in Canada in that we must admit that garbage stinks. All not often, local, provincial or federal bodies declare, problems are revealed. Under this reaction of all-though human nature can be overcome and successful and effective action can be taken. The future of our future is bleak and hopeless indeed — O A. GRANT, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Where has all the magic gone?

At the 24-year-old mother of a very good (also very beautifully) looking baby boy, and the baby wife of a very good, honest, kind, gentle and understanding husband (in the whole world (who also happens to be very handsome), say I congratulate Kathy McKewen on her excellent and long-overdue article in the January issue (Parade). I too am sick to death of the idea and very wasted state of values of the majority of young people today (who, incidentally, have had this instilled in them by their parents, whose own state of values is no better) where they judge the worth of a human being by what he owns, rather than by what he is.

VINCENT GIANCANE, BOSTON, MA

* I concur with Kathy McKee's that it is time we began to appreciate our values. These mistle of interverts are so steeped in aversion that they miss the magic of being and of being a necessary part of this wondrous, creative world. Considering for others is a forgotten attribute. Thank you for giving us the shock treatment.

As I thought girls like Kathy McKenney were extinct. Thank God they are not. There are a lot of us bachelors who would like to meet an honest gal for a change.

Life Police: www.life-police.com

* If I didn't know better I would think someone had tapped my brain and written down my thoughts. Regarding the threat that people like us will become

continued on page 26

Michigan's strikes again!



You will be interested to know that last night I was glowering at the article on External Affairs in your December issue (should we walk down the flag in about August?) when I noticed a large and venomous-looking scorpion moving toward my armchair.

old diseases. These modern medicines are fairly prevalent in the African continent here. I wear hard and successfully with your magazine, although I must repeat that the scorpion made a rapidly cast on the elegant striped pants in your other photos. From now on I will be the first to admit that MATTHEW I has it good —

W. H. CARTER, UNDEVELOPER,
CAMPAIGN ENGLAND,
FEDERAL, SOUTH AFRICA



Lei on the Beachcomber



BY BOB BOSSIN/OUR TAKEN RADICAL

Cops, karate, hate, love, revolution, and all like that

Dave Henry is a Weatherman, and, on the unlikely chance that you've never heard of the Weathermen, I should explain that most people look on them as the lunatic fringe of the protest movement. Even most people in the protest movement look on them as the lunatic fringe of the protest movement. Dave Henry's day goes something like this: up at 7 a.m. for an early-morning shift at a high school, handing out leaflets, karate class at 10:30 a.m., a meeting in the afternoon, as action at night followed by a criticism session, and back to school in the morning. Some times the day includes a minor battle with police. Among student radicals there are even Weatherman jokes. "In Gotham City, 5,000 infernal police, carrying Mace, hand grenades, and bazookas, stand guarding a flagpole of synchroic importance. This is a job for Weathermen."

So, as I get off the bus, I am prepared to encounter King Kame. Instead, I meet a friendly, soft-spoken, and, considering he fights cops, a small kid from New York. It is very disconcerting. Can you picture Lenin declaring the Chinese overthrow of the ruling class as a Russian success?

There are about 300 Weathermen in the U.S. The name comes from the Bob Dylan line, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." Dave Henry is one of about 200 who live in communities or "gangs" in various American cities. Last fall, in Chicago, they fought police for four days occupying 57 In Washington they tried to serve an eviction notice on the South Vietnamese

embassy, and were out-gunned. You see some, you lose some. I ask Henry what he thinks of John Lennon.

"Well, John Lennon as part of the problem. I mean, some of the longings for peace are progressive, but trying to beat isn't going to bring it about. Anyway, the status quo is not peace. Twelve thousand people will starve to death yearly in the free world because food is produced for profit and people don't have money to buy it. We can pay farmers not to grow crops so the prices will be high. That's not peace. That's violence. Civilians, people, are being destroyed by the status quo every day, and there is only one way to change that. Get rid of a system based on profit and a narrow ruling class. Rockefeller isn't going to give up the wealth he's taking out of Latin America because someone turns him on or trips a mine swing about here."

Where do the Weathermen fit in? "Until now the white left has been a comfortable discussion group, a way to feel good and say 'See, I'm on the side of the people.' But it's never added to the struggle physically. In Vietnam, in the third world, people have to keep alive, while American companies plunder their country for profit. Here, white people are oppressed, too, but we figure, 'I can slide by. The rest of more students, even the ones who call themselves socialist, is sneaky. Well, the world isn't ready for that. We think white people have been more comfortable than other people, and we have to learn that we're going to have to fight to change the system."

I am beginning to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Not only am I a white student radical, but, when I hold up ideal up to the light in a certain way, it does look a bit like a puny sort of look. All of a sudden, I'm in the sixth-eye position, and I don't like it one bit.

But then, Weathermen aren't winning all that many converts either and will anyway. It's just not rate to beat up one police.

"Sure, older people are looked by what we are doing. Henry continues "But there's a difference between white-supremacist kids and older people. It's not just on who call the police 'bigs.' It's the youth, the kids stuck in the schools, the ones who get drafted. Their first rebellion was with music and drugs. Remember when the hippies first went around leaving cops and putting flowers in the soldier's gun barrels? At all the cops didn't know what to do. Then they did. They just beat the kids up and arrested them. Those kids aren't leaving cops any more. It's the cops who kick kids out of the parks, tear down beat up demonstrators, beat them for drugs. Only so far the kids don't think it's possible to fight the big and win. In Chicago, we showed that the power structure, the system, and particularly the police aren't invincible."

By now, I'm trying to follow my own mind-up feelings about police. A policeman is your friend.

Policemen stay teenagers at emotion and search drive. Police arrested my friend Sean (wrongly) and in the station they beat him up just a bit, a punch above the beltline where it doesn't show, and a knee in the groin. Sean called the police doctor. He came, and so did the cop who had hit Sean. The doctor could see no evidence. Sean pointed to blood on the policeman's knuckle. The policeman said he'd scraped the knuckle while walking down the corridor. The doctor said no evidence, and left.

Police get out of all times, catch bank robbers and protect property. In 1968 in Toronto, police rode their horses into a crowd of peace demonstrators. There had been no violence, no disorder, just apaches about making the war. Thirty-four

arrested. The police weren't reading their numbers. I remember the feeling — shock, cliff, anger, surprise — when all of a sudden the horses were on the riders and coming at us, the way it was in the scene of the Weathermen's Peaceful Demonstration in Or-Zhouang, and the shouting "The street belongs to the people, the street belongs to the people."

Police are growing grumpy, and they give speeding tickets and parking tickets and defend the state. Once, we marched to the Toronto Globe and Mail building to protest editorial coverage of Quebec demonstrators. The police arrested somebody at every corner for not making a cut of the intersection before the light turned. Top-walking, \$22.80, even though the only motor traffic in sight was police cars. And that was in downtown Toronto — among white, middle-class, "educated" English Canadians — not in Quebec, not near an Indian reservation, not in a Black Belt ghetto.

But hell, who are the cops? Some are my age, or younger. Some are who would like to have longer hair if it weren't against regulations. They don't sit the rules, they just obey them. They have to, or they get fired. At the last Vietnam demonstration in Toronto I went up to a cop and, as nicely as I could, I said, "What do you think of the war?" He looked angry. "Do you just not think about it, or are you not allowed to talk to me?" He said looked away, and then he glared at me as if to say, "Help" and then said very quietly, "I think about it." I said, "Peace," and split.

But now, Dave Henry is talking about how the Weathermen are part of a modernist revolution, and how some of them will go to jail in the effort to open up another front in the revolution, and some may even be killed, "but some day those jobs are going to be broken open."

In the meantime, I wonder, is there any space for love, even at the rate of 12,000 revolutions a day?

"Sure," he says. "Sure there's a place for love, but love isn't a passive thing. It isn't working up in a corner. It's using. If it's for people, you've got to want to tear down the system that's oppressing them. If you really love, you've got to hate what's being done to people."

I realize that I like Henry, hate love, violence. Revolution sounds good, all I'm just not sure his strategy will work. "What's your alternative?" he says. I shrug. Then he smiles and gives me the line, the more militant version of the V sign that even Nixon uses now. He looks at his slingshot. "Power to the people! Off the pig. I take the bus back."

continued on page 31

GO CLEAN

United Van Lines is the only moving company that offers your possessions the protection of *Sealed-Air*. It's another proof of our pledge, "Moving with care, everywhere." Look in the Yellow Pages under "Movers" for the nearest agent of

United Van Lines

(OWNERS) LIMITED



**Wiser's
DE LUXE**

Compare the age
of 10 year old
Wiser's De Luxe
with any other whisky
in its price class.

**Wiser's
DE LUXE**

Canadian Whisky

10 Years Old

40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

It costs no more to drink a
whisky that's older and Wiser's

And a gilly springtime, 1970, to you too

Forty years intensive study of esotericism and related matters have convinced me and many others that we have reached that state of affairs referred to as "The Time of Jacob's Trouble" or "The Last Days." Practically all the prophecies given by our Lord and supported by various prophecies throughout the Bible and the Apocrypha, heralding His return to this earth, have materialized. Not the least of which is this very violence that all right-minded people find so disturbing.

—J. H. Davis, London, England

Alitalia

Dimension '70



Alitalia is bringing a new dimension into flight for the 70's.

Granted, the 60's provided the base for it when we grew to be the sixth largest airline in the world. We became more international than ever.

In fact, in 1969 we even did something very un-Italian. We cut prices and saw the rest of our world follow suit.

The cuts are up to 25% on some transatlantic vacation fares.

We figure Canadians will buy our approach. It's refreshing, it's very Canadian, and it's a new dimension in airline operation.

Another new dimension for the 70's will be our 747 "jumbo" jets.

And we have a new computerized reservation system.

And a new corps of specially trained stewardsesses from all over Europe.

And new services—to Bogota, Nicosa, Da-browek, and Milbensee—and the 70's will give a new polar route to Tokyo.*

The 70's spell out a new dimension for Alitalia. Glad to have you with us.

*Subject to government approval.

FLY
Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE



BY HARRY BRUCE

On the day the world runs out of air, where will your kids be?

IT IS A HARD and pure and bright and cold a midwinter morning in Ottawa could ever have experienced. There's a lot of snow falling but it's so clear it would be the world's first, and it's so bright that, down on the true ice at the park around the corner, they've not even had to bring out the shovels and, though the time is only now 11:00 a.m., some boys have gathered there already, and there's the good old sound again. The old bang. The crack off the boards. The great old sound. The sun lights up the snow now in the air and turns it into a thin radiant mist and, since this happens to be a Sunday morning, the asphalt street is not wet with it as it has the proper reds across the dying star (which I cannot see from where we live in Ottawa), and the stark and shapely maple on the lawn, and the prickly and bare of spines across the street, they cast this morning in the sun of the snow more than have known every day in the time of, say, Daisy McGee's adolescence.

We had a simple and excessive party last night. Ten years ago, when I was only 25, hangovers had already ceased to be something I could bring myself to laugh about. Their ravages could tear down whatever panicked good health puts up against spiritual terror and driving a bad hangover, a Presence would sometimes come to sit in my nose, and I'd be so afraid of it that I could only be there for a while, and not more even a finger. I would be wide awake, but the Presence had the same partying effect as the had

cos, unphobic creatures — both furry and sleek at once, leaping and incessantly correcting — that drive sometimes slipped up on me during sleep. The Presence arrived only when I was in hotel rooms, never at home, and in the last couple of years our children have taken over some corner of my mind, and they've expanded in this so that there's not much room for the Presence any more. Not for a while.

Still, the party has imposed its great physical punishment (does anyone teach nothing at all?), and the only influence that's strong enough to drive me out of bed — to pull the curtains and face the angelic brilliance of that particularly holy morning in Ottawa — is the noise of the two older ones chubbing in the street below. The boy says. The girl, eight. There they go, way ahead of me — away, away down the white city avenue, and then they're gone. Joyous on their own shoes. Now I remember I bought the skates only yesterday. I was supposed to go skating with the children but I didn't and, hearing their voices from a moment ago, I know that that's not their last, but mine.

I get under the bedclothes again. They get along, those two, better than any other brother and sister I've ever known. They looked bloody good out there in the cold, beautiful. They swim together in the St. Lawrence once May, know, slippery perfectly playful kids animals. The water bothers. We couldn't get them out for hours, not even to eat. Can it really be true that population growth and industrial activity are destroying the earth's atmosphere so fast that there won't be enough food, or oxygen in the air, to keep us all alive? Some scientists agree that the way we're going, we'll run out of air in 30 years, and that'll be it. For everybody. Some say it may already be too late to stop that thing happening. Can they really know what they're talking about? Do they know it? If they do, why isn't the whole world yelling and getting together to do something? Can it be that we just aren't able to worry about anything, even the Day of Judgment, when it's 20 or 30 years in the future? Maybe they don't really

mean it. Maybe they just think the air's getting pretty bad, and it would be a good idea to scare people into doing something about it. Right? I'm scared. Why did I say "the Day of Judgment," anyway? I haven't been to church since they invented the B-Band. I haven't been to Sunday school since Christmas. I was about 10 or 12 then or so.

If the Book fell here but it failed to fall on all right away, how would you do it to them? Is that why the good man killed his young children in that book we read? We have no firearms. A basement. A knish. Gosh. But there's nothing awful about me or my wife, why can't we have a family stock of those made pills anyway? And why is it that such questions have been said so horrible to ask in the age? Of course. Violence really is the one obscenity of our dwindling time, isn't it? Can we possibly believe that the massacre at My Lai, the lifeless dead and the little dead birds, I mean, I don't actually expose these equally terrible events as just part of the world?

Maybe they won't. Maybe we'll just run out of oxygen first. If that takes 35 years, my wife will be 64, I'll be 62. Retirement age anyway. But the boy will be 30, the girl will be 38, the baby boy will be only 31. They may have children of their own. I wonder if people will just sort of fall down, maybe on their way home from the risk. Probably not. It would take a while.

But it doesn't do to lie in bed on a Sunday morning, feeling the way I feel. If I go further, I sleep, the best I can, and I'll be up in the morning, and then the broad creatures and their grotesque relations, may come for me, with their ghostly attention. If I lie in bed now, I'm sure now that, for the first time, the Presence will enter my own house. I get up first, go downstairs, pour some coffee, and my wife and I say things that we think are funny about the bad party of the night before. After a while, then, they then come in the kitchen door. They're still got their skates on, their faces are red a good looking. Arctic air swirls around the kitchen, we all start laughing and holding and need doing. Just as they are beautiful children. ☐

Is there intelligent life on earth?

Of every 10 deaths, six are caused wholly or partly by starvation. What do we do about it? Double our population every 25 years, bury a million scores of loved ones separate each year, and double birth control to be a risk!

—M. G. Matheson, *Prince Rupert BC*

Joe And Mariya In The Promised Land

A true Canadian love story by PAMELA ANDRES



LATER, WHEN I became so involved in their tragic love story, it seemed only fitting that I had first met old Joe Jurewicz when he was midway through a letter to Mariya, the devoted wife he hadn't seen in nearly 40 years.

A narrow path through the snow led to Joe's cabin, which is about 12 feet by 10 and 40 years old and built of logs caulked with mud and straw. Inside, fishing nets hang from beams. The work clothes of the northern lake fisherman hang, soaking dry, over a stove improvised from an old oil drum. There was a bed of unspilled plank on one side, and a wall-high pile of fish bones on the other.

Joe himself wore a bushy Santa Claus beard then, and his bony shoulders were bent over the crude table where, by the light of an antique coal-oil lamp, he was scratching away with an old rib pen and a bottle of ink, telling Mariya that soon she could fly — yes, fly! — from the Ukraine to their new homeland, Canada.

The first surprise was that Joe even had a wife. When my husband Frank was appointed game warden of the bleak, Dore Lake region of northern Saskatchewan in the winter of 1957-58, I discovered we were almost the only white people for miles around. The dozens of families in our tiny settlement were mostly Mains, and most of the other whites were seven of the old bushbuck hermits, middle-European mostly, who seem to have pioneered the opening-up of the Canadian north.

But Joe Jurewicz, who lived like one of them, had a wife he hadn't seen since 1930. Except for a 10-year span when they lost track of one another, they had written to each other twice a month throughout that time. Joe told me once that Mariya's letters always ended with the plea: "Take me. Take me. I want to have more than one day with you before I die."

And now, it seemed, the wish was to be granted. When we arrived at Dore Lake, the long process of getting Mariya to Canada had begun.

Joe is proud of his English, but it is soft at best, musing and often unrecognizable. Slowly, however, I pieced together the story. In 1930 he had borrowed his fare to Canada, leaving Mariya and daughter Petruschka at home in Kaspowka, at that time part of the Polish Ukraine. In Canada, he worked on farms and tried to save enough for their fares, but in 1932 the Canadian government ended immigration because of the depression; the nation couldn't support even its existing population. By 1939 he had saved enough at least to return to the Ukraine, and was about to do so when Poland was invaded by the Germans and the Russians.

Under the German-Russian carve-up of Poland, the Russians took the Polish part of the Ukraine and in the world war that followed it was impossible for Joe to return. Besides, Mariya and their daughter were soon shipped off to Siberia.

TUNE IN FOR DINI AND BOB
UNIROYAL
TRAFFIC REPORTS
MORNING AND AFTERNOON
RUSH HOURS ON
590 / CKEY
A-102 TORONTO

Joe moved farther and farther north, to a log cabin beside Dore Lake. At last, the Russians would let his wife go—after nearly 40 years he'd see Mariya again

In Canada, Joe moved farther and farther north, and so 1943 he and Mariya lost track of one another because of a bad outbreak. By 1955 he was living in his log cabin beside Dore Lake, next door to old Harry Husak, one of our old bushmen and another Ukrainian who runs what passes for a local store and a business camp. Harry and Joe always are with one another.

In 1957 Joe tried, and failed, to get the Russians to release Mariya and Petrovskaya. The next year Petrovskaya died in Siberia. Our settlement still talks of the day the news reached Joe. He locked himself in his cabin for three days. When he emerged, his hair and beard had begun to go gray.

The most recent attempt to get Mariya out of Russia had begun when a notary public advertised in a Winnipeg Ukrainian newspaper that he could help get relatives of Canadian immigrants out from Communist countries. Joe sent off the requested \$53, and by the time I met Joe he had been told that Mariya, by then 71, had retired and the Russians seemed willing to let her leave.

Since Joe could neither read nor write English, my husband Frank helped with the formalities. The final form from the Department of Citizenship and Immigration in Ottawa arrived in the fall of 1968. It seemed that Mariya was in and demanded that Joe prove he could provide for medical attention if necessary. But by then he had already mailed Mariya an airline ticket, so he just grinned and said, "For that money I could have bought me a young wife."

At 3 p.m. on January 15, 1969, a friend of Joe's in Saskatoon, Dave Dore, called our house by radio-telephone and said, "Help! Mariya Aruzowich just arrived. She doesn't speak English and I don't speak Russian."

My husband Frank found Joe just back from a three-mile hike in his fishing nets in the middle of the frozen lake. "Well," he said, "she is in good hands."



PHOTO BY GARY

JOE AND MARIYA continued

We get her when you're really shy."

Ten minutes later he knocked at our front door, ready to go, not having stayed to trim his beard or change his work clothes, which looked as though they were made from a prisoners' outfit. He wore the old bushie, he'll pinch your clothes rather than buy new ones. With him had a box of brown fish for his friends, the Deons. "We go now, maybe," he said. He now supposed we bring her back from Sokolozon, 220 miles and a four-hour drive away, that same evening. "So we don't run away from me?" I think I understood his motives. Coming north from Sokolozon, as you pass Prince Albert, the road is unpaved and the bush begins to close in. It is, in winter, much like I imagine Siberia to be.

We reached Sokolozon at 9:10 p.m. At the Deons' Joe smiled the fish all over the driveway. Dase Deon later said that Mary had been just as nervous. "She sat in the car and looked at me. That was the first meeting of man and wife in almost 40 years took place — beside a kitchen sink. Five minutes later they emerged, Mariya smiling, 'St. Nikolai St. Nikolai.' Joe said the world had recognized her by his voice, but not by his beard."

Mariya was small, slightly bent, swaddled in dark, black, voluminous skirts and coat and a babushka. All you could see of her was a small, wrinkled face and work-garbed hands. Joe told her who Frank and I were, and she took my face in her hands and kissed me on both cheeks. Then she dug into the pockets of her skirts and produced a beautiful Russian washbasin, two or three feet high of iron. She had come halfway round the world to be with a man she could now hardly recognize, and of all her prized possessions had chosen to bring a tub of Russian washbasins, admittedly, not sister them ours and a delivery man there. She gave them all away within the next few hours.

That night we took Joe and Mariya to the bathroom area of the King George Hotel, but on seeing the two large beds for married or married to French or German. Naturally, we declined. They put pillows off their heads and, drowsy, lay down. Next day, when we collected them to drive home, for completion, "I didn't go to sleep all night. She talked all the way."

Back at Deer Lake I expected Mariya to throw up her hands in dismay at Joe's

cabin, but she accepted it almost as a matter of course. Perhaps as all their talking on the long drive home Joe had prepared her for it, though somehow I doubt it. He'd been a bushie too long to be what any could fairly call a bushie. The old bushie, but Mariya accepted the log cabin, the bed of boards and Jack appointed mattress that they still sat with Harry Husak. She did, however, promptly close the cabin, stashed the fish home neatly and show the fishing gear nicely away.

Once or twice a week Joe and Mariya would walk the 200 yards to our house to spend an evening drink to eat or coffee. Their are few white women in the area, and I felt she enjoyed meeting me, however long the age gap and language difficulty. With Joe interrupting, I learned her story, a subject at a time.

It seems Mariya spent a lifetime working for Joe. At school in Kuznetsov, part of the regime called Gorky, Mariya was always a class ahead of Joe. In 1915, when they were courting, Joe was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian army, but even when the war ended and Gorky was free, he never returned. He was conscripted for a year in Italy as a prisoner of war. On May 22, 1921, a year after his return, Mariya and Joe were married.

It was not a large wedding, for they were poor, but Joe had heard Mariya was the traditional byerok of green leaves entwined with their flowers made of shiny gold paper. Thus they sat down to feast their three and a half sons in the kitchen, with Mariya and Joe in the fields until one year later, Petrovich was born.

Politically, Mariya was in turmoil. In the village life was hard, and by the late 1920s the great fear of Ukrainians in Canada had begun. When Joe left, he hoped high, Mariya expected she and Petrovich would soon follow, but they were lean years for Canada, too, and in 1932 immigration ended temporarily.

And then the Germans invaded. Poland from one direction and the Russians from the other. Mariya and Petrovich fled to the nearby hills to escape the battles in which none of the village was harmed.

They returned to the village in 1941 to find it a Russian hands, their home and land now the property of the state. Petrovich married a village boy who

had been a Polish soldier, but soon he fled to the hills with other young men to escape conscription into the Russian army fighting Germany.

Mariya said that sometimes were divided, some villages being Communist, some pro-Poland, some pro-Nazi — she said that the Germans did not confiscate land, but only loved taxes. She said that families formed against one another, and as some ones (farmers) could not trust their own sons, Mariya told me through Joe that some people seeking refuge in the confessional home were often hunted every as enemies of the state. Eventually the purity of the "polish" was discovered, and he left.

One day early in our brief northern summer Mariya and Joe and I stood on the shore of our lake and Mariya told me how, when they found that Petrovich's husband had escaped conscription, the Russians came and demanded to know his whereabouts. Petrovich, naturally, was away. Mariya and she told me where her son-in-law was. She told me as much with gestures as with words for Joe to translate that they had beaten him on the back of the head, the neck and the throat, all the while holding her by the hair. Then they locked her under the breasts and on the back. She pushed the babushka she always wore back from her forehead and revealed an ugly scar where a bundle of hair had been pulled from its roots. Her permanent sorrow, she said, a legacy of that beating.

Mariya and Petrovich were sent to Siberia in the winter of 1940. She said it was because they refused to reveal the whereabouts of Petrovich's husband. The journey, in cattle cars, took 17 days. At a coal mine high in the Ural mountains Mariya was put to work scrubbing the miners' workshirts. Petrovich was sent underground to work ahead of the miners, carrying a lamp. If the flame flickered and died it meant the gas level was unsafe. She did this for five years before becoming ill with a liver disease to work. She never saw her husband again. Mariya said her heart had been dead — either then or at that moment — near Kuznetsov.

At first, Mariya and Joe still wrote. But in 1945 Joe moved. Mariya's letters were not forwarded, and on August he stopped writing. Since then Mariya has written another again in 1993. Petrovich died.



'At night, Joe and Mariya would sit side by side, and Joe would read to her from a fat book in Russian. Mariya, it seemed, was content'

I realize now that I never fully knew Mariya's story — just parts of it. I know that she stayed in Siberia for two years after she turned 65, then returned to Kuznetsov to live with her sister. She was sick and she said that was why she couldn't be here for Canada.

When she flew to Saskatoon, she told me that January day there was no one expecting her, no one to meet her. And no one at the airport spoke Ukrainian. For three hours she sat all alone, a small ember in a cold room. She had a small patch of white hair on her left, her patch of white hair on her left, like a piece of lost luggage waiting to be claimed. It was not until the day before that the airline staff set about finding Joe's friends the Deon family.

Her spring season was the end of late May is spring and it grows black by mid-September. Mariya, isolated by language and custom barriers, seemed to enjoy it anyway. She didn't seem to mind being obliged to sit at Harry Husak's camp days, though one evening she came to my house and cooked a Ukrainian dish and seemed to enjoy herself in the kitchen. But Harry said, "She's not much of a cook," which may be because of the fact that she said all cooking is to boil anything and everything Joe never complained.

Mariya spent much of her time just sitting, the way old people often do. In June she began helping Joe collect the wild berries he always with Harry, planting potatoes and carrots mostly, and some onions. They would work together. Mariya being and Joe taking frequent pauses to play lozenga. Mariya frequently asked me to take her to the lake for hours with my daughter Melaniewa, and Caroline Law.

One summer it was, often 70 or 80 degrees, but Mariya would always wear the same heavy voluminous clothes. She made Joe shave off his beard and she might be proudly astonished that he'd cut Mariya's hair. But it was not a bad job — Joe is also the local barber at a quarter past two — but when Mariya showed me her face, I saw I somehow knew that she felt cold.

Mariya came to the tea party, guests in the girls at the school-room school and on walking happily through the recreation and performance of the children, under the stars. After the tea party, the children's annual sports day was set in our track, watching the men in the three-legged race

and the sock race and the basketball game, winning, understanding little.

Joe wasn't always a patient husband. Of his Mariya would be for hours and Joe would not translate for her. Once, when she wanted of a long conversation she said she couldn't understand and asked to go he would patiently and slowly. "What for you want to go? That's no where to go."

They could have returned to her cabin, which was very new and clean and as my neighbor knew. At night, we would see them sitting side by side, Joe reading aloud to her from a fat book in Russian, the Soviet version of the history of World War II. He used to her a great deal — always the Ukrainian newspaper from Winnipeg, which he carried and English and her eyes were weak. They found on the tramcar at a station that broadcast a church service in Ukrainian each Sunday and they would sit with their Bibles, worshipping privately.

Mariya, it seemed, was content just to be with her husband. Once in Indian, Tom Lubbert, drove her in Green Lake, a settlement about an hour away where another Ukrainian woman lives. She seemed to enjoy the visit and was caught to report it. She collected plants from wild roses and made rose-petal tea, and as the summer went on Joe's cabin walls were covered with little bundles of twigs she had picked and was drying in the sun so they could be used to make bird beds in winter.

One of the first things she showed me was a blouse made from crude flour bags but which she and Petrovich had frequently embroidered in blue or red, once at a time called at the lake. Like, too, was Ukrainian and Mariya was interested in a pair of black patterned shoes, but Joe was not and she refused to make his money to buy them. They dug into her suitcase and brought out a beautiful pair of hand-knitted shoes of the finest fiber. The fiber sales studied with wonder. I wondered why she seemed to prefer to wear Joe's old slip on shoes. The salesman, thinking, explained. They are death shoes. She says she is moving them to be buried in. They were presents from her daughter.

She never did get those black patterned shoes. Instead, she took Joe into Prince Albert on a shopping expedition and when we collected them off the bus in Big River 72 miles from Deer Lake,

Mariya was wearing gorgeous slacks and black velvet open-toed shoes. She's pretty, expensive, said Joe. I bought two pair slacks — one pair cost \$12."

While in Prince Albert, Mariya had seen a doctor, and this led to her going into the small hospital at Big River for a check. She was discharged Friday, September 5 and went to the house of friends to wait for Joe. They told us she sat by the window all day, writing. Finally, one of the most famous drove down from Deer Lake to collect her.

I remember that last Sunday evening, two days later, looking through Joe's cabin window as they bent over their Bibles, listening to the radio church service. The following evening, after dinner of beef hash in Harry Husak's cabin, Mariya washed the dishes and laughing at a joke no one can remember now, she and Joe went home to their cabin.

Next morning Joe came up to the house, crying. At 5 a.m., he said, Mariya had been taken ill. She had given a mild trial to drive them to the hospital in Big River. She had died there.

"Before we go to the hospital, the make me pick her good clothes," he said. "She was so beautiful, but she was so long, though, the old, goodness, that blouse she be making with Petrovich and their shoes of her."

Seven months and 13 days after Mariya had come to just Joe in the promised land, we buried her. She was laid in the Ukrainian from miles around came to the funeral, except Harry Husak who was too busy in Deer Lake.

It was Christmas before I found much more with Joe. I used to sit with him in his cabin, which is still there and why. He has again grown the beard Mariya once made him shave off, and he still sits with Harry Husak, next door. "Mariya, she was happy here. I used to hear her say, 'They take her from her back in the old country, but the like this place.' He passed, then died. I was just learning to live with a wife, and now I be learning to live alone again."

He sits sitting at that crude wooden table with the same cool-lip flask. He had been reading as old Ukrainian newspaper — and, I think, an old diary from Petrovich's, his daughter. Under the table Mariya's beautiful hand-knitted "death shoes" stood safely away from sight. When we buried her we found the shoes didn't fit. □

How Women In Power Keep Other Women Powerless

An opinionated report
by MARGARET DALY
Illustrations by Louise Delvilleville



WOMEN — PRODUCTS of the liberalist age live in — are coming out of the house and all over the place as a glimpse through the mass media will quickly confirm. In the newspaper, a speech by a director of the Ontario Housing Corporation, a woman in the magazine supplement, a lecture on the five regional Co-operators' Conventions appointed by the government, all women, on TV, experts on auto pollution (except knowledgeably the resident interviewer of a public-affairs

show, a woman "This woman is a Supreme Court judge," headlined a last-summer *Star Weekly* Magazine, recounting a story on "How she and three other women won in a man's world." Just 11 of many hundreds of real live examples of Women's Liberation, and all of them are paving the highway to equality for every woman in Canada, right?

Wrong. Wrong in my opinion anyway. Such women do nothing at all for the

cause of Women's Liberation. They are in reality enemies of the Women's Liberation Movement as the Ontario Supreme Court judge who ruled in 1968 that paying a woman less than a man for equal work was in keeping with "all the rules of civilization, economics, family life and common sense," or the *Crestline MP* who argued against abortion reform because pregnant women go a little insane in the heat and don't know what's best for themselves.

Mocking the Women's Liberation Movement and most people either bleacher or snicker. Many of them, so do the very women — middle-class, working, accomplished house and career, successful despite sex — who might be expected to be in its forefront. Why?

Because, one can only assume, these women are the living proof that there is no need for a Movement: women making it on their own, "making it in a man's world," as *The Canadian Magazine* put it. But they're kidding. (That's the purpose about sex, race and racism) is usually so much a part of their success stories as it is of the women who never considered being anything but housewives.

Enthusiasm over something the Women's Liberation Movement doesn't need any more of. Respectable though freedom for women may have become, the idea of a mass movement to achieve it — like the labor movement, civil-rights movement, or state movement of the poor — which is beginning to show dangers of its own — that's something else. And although I happen to have a very deep respect for the women who do succeed in today's world — and all the examples cited in this article are admirable people — I cannot help seeing them as enemies of what I take to be one of the most important movements of our day: the broad inward real equality of the sexes. The women who have made it, in other words, are, however innocently, part of the system that today's trend is trying to change. To that extent, and by failing to add their voices to the voice of Women's Liberation, they help to exploit all other women.

Women's Liberationists, for example, take group action to protest women's image as a mindless Barbie doll, by picketing the Miss America contest and burning bras. Surely this is in itself a protest in picketing the Pentagon and burning draft cards to protest war. Yet the media treat it as a "lighthearted," an offbeat bourgeois event, a joke. When a Movement becomes an event, a joke, the Movement loses its force.

Women's Liberationists, for example, take group action to protest women's image as a mindless Barbie doll, by picketing the Miss America contest and burning bras. Surely this is in itself a protest in picketing the Pentagon and burning draft cards to protest war. Yet the media treat it as a "lighthearted," an offbeat bourgeois event, a joke. When a Movement becomes an event, a joke, the Movement loses its force. Women's Liberationists, for example, take group action to protest women's image as a mindless Barbie doll, by picketing the Miss America contest and burning bras. Surely this is in itself a protest in picketing the Pentagon and burning draft cards to protest war. Yet the media treat it as a "lighthearted," an offbeat bourgeois event, a joke. When a Movement becomes an event, a joke, the Movement loses its force.

then he ruins with a carefully varied expression as the audience can all too easily have a good laugh.

The women who "make it on their own" and "win in a man's world" usually fall into one of five categories:

superwomen. They get there by being not just as good as anyone else in the field, but better. Sylvia Ostry (who was one of the big four in *The Canadian Magazine* story) is a *Superwoman*. She has a Cambridge PhD in economics, 11 major academic awards and a list of articles, books and major pieces of research covering forty typewritten pages. She's deputy chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, one of the highest-ranking women in the civil service (as violent deputy minister of state) and highest-paid (around \$25,000). A council spokesman on her appointment said her credentials were the best they'd ever seen. "There was no way anyone could keep her out of that job."

But even after hearing the obstacle course she's in a fact of the *Superwoman's* everyday life. Mrs. Ostry puts up with serious little indignities because of her sex. There are the vulgar personal questions, although nobody who respects anybody would dream of characterizing one of her male colleagues by his "nose, figure, light-brown hair and hazel eyes" (or "pet belly, bald head and red-rimmed eyes"). There are also very personal questions, although nobody who respects anybody would dream of characterizing one of her male colleagues by his "nose, figure, light-brown hair and hazel eyes" (or "pet belly, bald head and red-rimmed eyes"). There are also very personal questions, although nobody who respects anybody would dream of characterizing one of her male colleagues by his "nose, figure, light-brown hair and hazel eyes" (or "pet belly, bald head and red-rimmed eyes").

TOKEN WOMEN. These are appointed so their employers can say there's a woman on the job.

The Ontario Housing Corporation, municipal cabinet, needs a Token Woman on the board because much of its involvement is with distressed welfare women (She is Mrs. Frances Middle, long active in London, Ont., welfare work).

Mrs. Pauline Vauzelle is a Token Woman on the board of directors of the Bank of Montreal and of Bell Canada. In fact, Mrs. Vauzelle is the perfect Token Woman. As widow of a government official, she is associated with the representative of the ultimate frightened woman with no real power: the Queen. She has no experience or concern that could be expected to make her effective, as having B of M or Bell policy yet she can be used to defend the concrete female shareholders might have, about getting a capable woman on the board.



Who seems to look like the sort of high who would publicly put down the belated widow of a beloved governor-general?

Dr. Helen Hogg, the brilliant University of Toronto economist, is Bell's other Token Woman director. And the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce has followed the Bank of Montreal's lead by appointing Dr. Margaret Bell, physician-in-chief at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, to its board. ("For years the bank has been interested in getting a woman's viewpoint on the board," said a spokesman.) Both have the advantage of being distinguished in their respective fields — medical, science, government — background to give the world much more of all formidable on these boards. As is the case with many Token Women (notably black women on U.S. poverty commissions and the like), Dr. Hogg serves as a double salute, for any companies that businessmen dominate the board of a public-service corporation, she can be Bell's gesture to resistance and the pure sciences.

By the way, Miss Vauzelle and Dr. Hogg did not fill existing slots as the Bell board, replacing race and taking seats that might have gone to other race. Rather, the board voted to increase itself by two members to accommodate these two Token Women.

Token Women must not be effective. Fully Tolerant (exceptance under personal criticism) of all the difficult tasks and avoided roles in the Commons had put as much attention as Bell's members and Tolant, like housework, have been denied to be a highly effective Health Minister and Secretary of State while serving in Lester Pearson's cabinet. Token Women is the cabinet (the fact,

Water: The Sellout That Could Spell The End Of Canada

BY WALTER STEWART

ONE MORNING EVENING IN 1979 Mrs. Jessica Johnson, suburban Winnipeg housewife, signs up to her unfulfilling duty chores, signs and turns on the water. The tap gives a tentative gurgle, one liquid drop appears, bounces, quivers and falls to the solid drain below. Then nothing. "Damn it to hell," says Mrs. Jessica Johnson, suburban Winnipeg housewife. "The bloody water is that all right?" At the heart of Canada, the richest nation in the world in water resources, there is no way for her to do her dishes but that same day one billion gallons of Canadian water cross the U.S. border to serve the farms, factories and cities of the American southwest.

On January 11, 1981, the citizens of a misadventuring company meet in Regina to discuss the proposed opening of a new plant on the prairies. It is decided to drop the project, because there might not be enough water available to run the plant. The diversion lands carrying Canadian water to the U.S. are too far away for ready access: besides the water is already spoken for — in the U.S.

On September 6, 1981, the President meets with a small group of advisors in the White House to discuss an urgent matter. The coming decision in British Columbia looks likely to renege a recent agreement, which might be hostile to the U.S., might even result in interference with the massive water-diversion systems, or which the western states have come

to depend. What should the President do? Options are divided. Some advisors feel that any attempt to influence the decision will backfire, others that a little discreet lobbying might turn the trick. One aide quickly shouted down, suggests, "If necessary, we should take the damn army is there, and show the damn Canadians what's what." No discussion is reached, but the President closes the meeting on an ominous note. "Anybody who thinks this country will stand idly by while our water is cut off," he says, "has another think coming."

Fantasy?

Certainly.

Preposterous!

Perhaps.

It could never happen!

Oh, no?

Already, water shortages have turned off taps in Metro Toronto on July 1980, already, the problem of adequate supplies for industry on the prairies is causing concern, already, Canada is drifting toward the export of water to the U.S., with everything that implies for the sustainability of the two countries — and everything that implies is a very great deal indeed.

This is not because there is a government policy to sell our resources to the Americans, but because there is no policy at all on that subject, and no basis to develop one. The federal government has been aware of the issue for more than

five years, it was on September 2, 1964, in the House of Commons that Arthur Lang (then Northern Affairs Minister, now Public Works Minister) described water export as "possibly the greatest issue that will confront Canadians in the next several decades."

Apparently the government has felt confronted, though when I recently asked the Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, J. J. Grosse, whether Canada should or would sell water to the U.S., he replied, "This question issue hasn't come up. There is no policy. I haven't the information on which to base a decision."

If the precise issue hasn't come up, it should; if there is no policy, it should be developed if information is lacking, it should be sought, for in the five years since Lang made his statement the question of water export has moved from the world of dreams to that of practical politics; there is a good chance it will be settled while our government is still telling us there is nothing to discuss.

Everything I have said so far will be denied in Ottawa and Washington, what the official view is that the U.S. has never formally asked to buy Canadian water and we have never, formally, offered to sell it, so why worry? That official view needs to be put into perspective, and in so that I have to do something I don't like to do — break an off-the-record confidence.



'Once we start exporting water, can we stop? Would the U.S. just say, "Do what you like"? Not bloody likely'

Go back to 1964. At that time, as American engineering firm proposed a \$1-billion (plus delivery TV) desalination plant to draw off Canadian water for U.S. use. The plan was called NAWAPA — the North American Water And Power Alliance — and a provided leaked document in Canada. Northern Affairs Minister Lester Pearson (the government) saw it as a tough, pull-out-speeches speech at Edmonton on October 24, 1964, in which he declared: "We deny categorically that there is anything like a continental resource in respect of water." The subject seemed closed.

Not long after, I went to call on a cabinet member vitally concerned with water, and he (and the government) stand. However, after I had put away my notebook and was about to leave his office, he said, "You should know, for your own information, that something like NAWAPA is not merely feasible, it's inevitable." When I asked why, then, we seemed to be repackaging it, he told his head secretary and said, "We are establishing a bargaining position, and the best bargaining position is to say 'No'."

The cabinet member who made that statement was Arthur Laing.

Are we still establishing a bargaining position? I don't know. J. E. Goss suggests not, and I agree. He also says that if Canada ever sells water to the U.S. it will be only after we are sure our own needs have been met for the foreseeable future. But the time, there is no policy either for or against water export, and there are a number of signs that say, if the Americans want our water, they can have it.

□ In 1964, the Western Water Development Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate authorized the purchase of Canadian water. Senator Frank Moss of Utah, who chaired that committee, told me recently, "I am impressed by activity on your side of the border," and, "It is my opinion the prospects are much improved."

□ A vast array of plans, projects, schemes, concepts and proposals aimed at moving our water to the U.S. has blossomed on both sides of the border. None of them has received government approval. The one of the United States, North American Water Project, is the brainchild of E. Roy Tannery, Acting Director of the Policy and Planning Branch of our Department of Energy. Tannery's proposal was made before he joined that department.

□ Water importation has been taken under study by two key U.S. policy groups,

the National Water Commission in Washington and the Western States Water Council in Denver.

□ While there have been no government-to-government talks on water, exchanges in the unofficial level are frequent. For instance, Lewis G. Smith, a Denver engineer with an imaginative proposal for tapping northern water flow in the Yukon at the request of Commissioner James Smith to explain his concept to the Technical Council, and Jay Bergman, Executive Director of the Western States Water Council, flew to Ottawa to confer with our experts.

□ Last December, Energy Minister Goss met with U.S. Secretary of the Interior Walter Tillet to explore a "continental approach" to energy resources. In an approach Greene told reporters he called "crazy," Tillet said he thought the continental approach to resources does not mean Canada and the U.S. sharing North America's resources. It means our selling the U.S. our oil, gas, hydro and, eventually, water. Greene said water had not been included in the discussion although hydroelectric power had, but it didn't take much imagination to see that part of any energy-export sales packages will be our most precious resource.

There is nothing wrong with any of these exchanges, but before they become decisions, Canadians should be drawn into the debate, we must know what we are likely to be asked for and why, and what the long-term results may be.

The western and southwestern U.S. face a critical water shortage. A generally dry climate and a rate of population growth greater than the national average are putting on inadequate resources. Already, Arizona uses three million acre-feet of water more every year than it receives in rain, snow and river-flow (an acre-foot is the amount of water that will cover one acre to a depth of 12 inches and weigh 2,560,000 gallons). The deficiency is met by "transferring" underground supplies from a water table that is sinking at a rate of 20 feet per year. In Utah, according to Jay Bergman, of the Western States Water Council, the lack of water has forced our development in the point where we have had to resort to groundwater. When the Geneva Steel plant went in at Provo, we got water for it by taking 1,500 acres of irrigated farmland out of production. The Colorado River chief source of supply for the southwest is so heavily used that virtually none of it ever reaches the Gulf of California.

If today's situation is bad, tomorrow's prospects are worse. The 17 western states and the District of Columbia, at 43 million, are expected to contain 300 million people by the year 2000. There will not be enough water to service them. The Western Water Development Subcommittee reported: "This water crisis is a product of sources and far-reaching implications. It will require a combination of federal and private control, but the plan has progressed no further than the drawing board."

There are a number of ways in which the U.S. could most meaningfully solve its current supplies could be climatic, as well as technical and economic. These might not provide a permanent solution, but at least they would buy time. Desalinating ocean water is another technique that could be used as a weather modification — using clouds to produce rain. But weather modification has not yet proved to be practical; desalination is extremely expensive and has never been undertaken on anything like the scale that would be required. How much water, how much more natural to look north where water abounds, north where the staff flows by the billions of gallons, untapped and untapped, into the sea North to Canada.

We have more water per capita than any nation in the world. Our freshwater supply has been estimated at anywhere from 20 to 30 percent of all the fresh water on the planet, and most of this huge volume spills around into the sea off our north and northwest coasts. Why not turn this northward flow back south and put it to work for the Americans, thus saving their costly pipelines, to say nothing of a fast freeze.

Many schemes have been formulated to this end. The first and most famous was NAWAPA, unveiled to a deafening hail of public-ecology drums in 1964. NAWAPA is a proposal to block off parts of north-flowing Canadian and Alaska rivers and to pump the water 1,500 feet up through huge pipelines to the Rocky Mountain Trench, a 300-mile-long natural gorge containing the Columbia, Fraser and Kootenay Rivers. From there, the water would spill eastward across the Canadian prairies to the Great Lakes, southwest across the American drylands to Mexico. Hydro generated along the way would provide the push to lift the water where it was needed to create a handsome surplus as well as a profit.

The scheme had the blessing of the U.S. Senate subcommittee, but its own con-

gress and the hard sell that surrounded its launching caused Canadian politicians to shy away. Although it called for the use of less than one-fifth of the north-flowing streams, the principal fear that struck Canadian about NAWAPA was that it turned our water into an American resource. Government reaction, as I have already outlined, combined public disapproval and private concern, but the plan has progressed no further than the drawing board.

Alan Davidson, Assistant Deputy Minister of the Water Branch in the Department of Energy, does not expect NAWAPA to be built, but he does expect that water export will take place, beginning with small diversions and working up to larger ones. For one of the effects of the U.S. proposal was to spawn a new class of alternative plans, such as NAWAPA, one of the last survivors of these was a bill offered from Governor Ronald Reagan of California to trade in a sovereignty for some water, one of the most serious was that put forward by Lewis Smith of Denver, a water engineer with approval in the U.S., Pakistan, Ghana and Korea. Smith's plan would tap the Mackenzie River basin by turning the Lund River and sending it south, it would provide 400-million acre-feet of water, largely through existing channels.

Be whether this scheme or some other is adopted, the point for Canadians is that our exports, concept, day to day, to use one of these plans come to life. What will happen when it does?

For one thing, Canada will make a great deal of money. We have been over-burdened by water, because it has never been sold, but it is bound to be high. There will also be billions of dollars in construction costs and power sales, and power benefits to the whole world. The water flowing across our territory to the U.S.

A second result of any major water export will be to open areas in both Canada and the U.S. to new development. This development will be more important in the U.S. than in Canada, obviously, but the benefits to be gained from leading water across the prairies or flushing out the polluted Great Lakes should not be underestimated.

At a hard rough, and the one that should cause Canadian concern, will be to link our resources irreversibly to American needs. Export is a trap that, once taken on, could never be shut off again. Without ever giving the alternative in the manager — Senator Frank Moss of Utah hints that for Canada to benefit in

developed supplies the U.S. needs is certainly not "friendly," he says, "there is a real war going on. Projecting ourselves ahead at the rate of population growth we are going to see, you would have actual pressure in some areas, while in others (i.e. Canada) water is already going to rise. And that is going to border on the moral issue."

Frankly, I can't see that morality has anything to do with it. If Americans were dying of thirst, we would have no choice, but our water will not make Americans thirsty, it will drive American decisions. What is at stake is the speed and direction of U.S. development, and it is not meant to put that development ahead of our own, it is just plain stupid. "The strongest arguments against [development] have," says Alan Davidson, "in the current pressure on the Canadian to dollar the question of whether or not we have water to spare is not likely to receive much attention."

That won't do Canada much harm, but, in developing a policy on water export, a policy that acknowledges that we have a surplus but aims to make that surplus water for Canada, not the U.S. Unless we plan to develop our water resources in our own national interest, we will find, as we have with oil and nickel and iron ore, that someone else is willing to develop — and cost — than we. If capital is required from the U.S. — and it will be — it should cross the border as loans, not equity, as bonds, not stocks. If water is to be sold to the U.S. and it will be, the cash sales should be made only after the last potential drop of development has been siphoned off in Canada.

It will not do to say, as our government has been saying, that we will develop a policy when the time comes. The time is now. If we wait much longer there is a good chance that our development, our prosperity, our sovereignty will disappear one dusty day down in American drags.

I am not suggesting here that the U.S. is engaged in an evil plot to snatch away our sovereignty. For decades, American companies have been invited, even begged to plunder our resources. We sell and they buy, and if our resources grow and they don't, they don't want them. When we drink that we are being savaged against our will, we are like a girl who hurls herself to the ground, takes up her skirts and screams, "Rape!" If the process is to stop, it is as we who must take it into our own hands rather than merely accepting their.

It is not enough simply to say "not now" or "wait a minute." At the same time, it is not enough to say "wait a minute" in the west and southwest, in economic and political pressure mounts in Washington and Ottawa, the ransom created by our lack of policy will be added — by the U.S. (not by us, Americans will not always be satisfied with the answer they have been getting since 1964, the answer that we are still counting our water, and that they please come back here. "I don't say you are asking," says Utah's Senator Frank Moss, "but if it goes on as long, some people will say that."

We're not stalling, we really don't know how much water we have or how much we may need, and we're not stalling to spend the money to find out. Energy Minister Greene explains: "With the current pressure on the Canadian to dollar the question of whether or not we have water to spare is not likely to receive much attention."

That won't do Canada much harm, but, in developing a policy on water export, a policy that acknowledges that we have a surplus but aims to make that surplus water for Canada, not the U.S. Unless we plan to develop our water resources in our own national interest, we will find, as we have with oil and nickel and iron ore, that someone else is willing to develop — and cost — than we. If capital is required from the U.S. — and it will be — it should cross the border as loans, not equity, as bonds, not stocks. If water is to be sold to the U.S. and it will be, the cash sales should be made only after the last potential drop of development has been siphoned off in Canada.

It will not do to say, as our government has been saying, that we will develop a policy when the time comes. The time is now. If we wait much longer there is a good chance that our development, our prosperity, our sovereignty will disappear one dusty day down in American drags.

I am not suggesting here that the U.S. is engaged in an evil plot to snatch away our sovereignty. For decades, American companies have been invited, even begged to plunder our resources. We sell and they buy, and if our resources grow and they don't, they don't want them. When we drink that we are being savaged against our will, we are like a girl who hurls herself to the ground, takes up her skirts and screams, "Rape!" If the process is to stop, it is as we who must take it into our own hands rather than merely accepting their.



A Glimpse Of Nines To Come

AS IT MUST TO ALL athletes, retirement must some day come into Gordie Howe, the hockey player who holds among other things, the record for the most records ever set by one man at one sport. And when it does, the Detroit Red Wings with whom Howe has played since 1946, will undoubtedly go through the ceremony of retiring the sweater bearing hockey's most famous number: 9.

Or will they? Earlier this season, Howe told a group of young graduates of an Eastern Hockey School in Toronto that he'd kind of like to stick around until one of his sons could pick up where he leaves off and with the same number.

So, here's the possibility with the reality standing tallest.

In front of Gordie: Murray (for Gordie's sometime teammate Murray Oliver). Age: nine. Shorts left. Plays left wing for Victor Hardware in the Detroit Parks and Recreation League. Hockey future: too distant for analysis. But don't stand in the way of his slapsheet.

Behind Gordie: Mark, 14, and Marty (for ex-Red Wing Marty Pashchuk), 15. Both now playing for the Olympics Agency team in a Michigan league roughly equivalent to Junior B. Marty, a defenseman who scored seven goals and 13 assists in his first 25 games, has been heard to wish his name was "Finkelbaums" or something, but so far has not changed it. The best swimmer and high-jumper in his school, and the kind of football prospect U.S. colleges drool over, Marty seems to be headed for a hockey career.

Mark, who looks most like his dad, finally, in play again and even in 25 junior games, is a forward. 26 goals, 17 assists in 25 junior games. And his age, remember, is 14.

Perhaps the most unusual fact about the Howe household is that there is no more pressure on the boys (Mark and Marty are both honor students) to play pro hockey than there is on Kirby. 10. But the inevitable is the inevitable: we feel, and in the words of Red Wing General Manager Jim Ahlert, "if the boys were to play for Detroit, I'd let them wear number 9." So we can assume, somewhere in the picture of right is the heir apparent. Now, idea, isn't it?

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHY WISMER



The Hero.



for meritorious service in a noble cause.

AT YOUR SERVICE: TRAVEL

Why Settle For One World When Turkey Offers Two?

BY JAMES MONTAGNES



Copperware to brooms—the 5,000 shops of Istanbul's Grand Bazaar have it. But biggest

Curiousness are just beginning to discover Turkey, a rugged subtropical land of five beaches on four seas and two shores, which is also a treasure house of antiquity, boutique shopping, reasonably priced accommodations, friendly people — and even offers skiing in winter.

It's also a great place for the two-week holiday one-upmanship game. Only 5,000 Canadians visited Turkey in 1987, the latest year for which figures are available. You can fly there by jet in little more than 12 hours on any of a number of major airlines, either from Montreal or New York via London, Frankfurt, Paris, Zurich or Rome and Athens (3612 from Toronto to Istanbul on a 21-day excursion return fare, only \$62 more than the oceanian rate to Athens).

Turkey is just emerging into the tourist age. It has been visited by a variety of people for more than 5,000 years, but they came as conquerors. Today's visitor can see its major cities as well as smaller island and coastal towns before the inhabitants become tourist-conscious. Visitors from North America are still a novelty in plumed-white towers, wheat curls and donkeys provide transport, where women still wear half-veils and

voluntarily remove scarves, where the ruins of Roman, Greek, Hittite, Etruscan and earlier civilizations are strewn about and are slowly being restored.

Istanbul (formerly Constantinople) is the most visited of Turkish cities. Here you can be on two continents, Europe and Asia, simply by taking a 20-minute ferry ride across the Bosphorus, which connects the two culturally different parts of the city. Istanbul is the only city this side of the Iron Curtain in which the contrasts are both obvious and readily accessible.

The city's three million people create a buzz of activity everywhere. You'll see street hustlers carrying shawls, coffee and yogurt on their heads just as hawkers have done for centuries. You can join the crowds on the famed old Galata Bridge or the modern Ataturk Bridge across the Golden Horn. Along this storied waterway stand princely homes and palaces built when the Ottoman Empire was at its greatest glory. People ride on donkeys, travel in buses, in shared taxis called dolmuş, and in horse-drawn carts along the steep, twisting narrow, cobblestoned streets lined with shops and old buildings. They also drive in fast cars along wide waterfront avenues lined with

ARTHRITIS

Cripples our Economy

Arthritis is a crippling disease. The total impact of long-term crippling diseases on our national health and economy, now and in the years ahead, is beyond comprehension. Every year, arthritis costs Canadians 9,000,000 lost work days. Canadian workers lose more than \$100 million in wages alone due to arthritis. Your business is very likely to be affected directly, or indirectly, by this

crippling disease that disables some quarter of a million persons, most of whom are in their most productive years. Continuing research and advances in therapeutic knowledge raise the hope of the conquest of arthritis in our time. The achievement of this goal is in the national interest and merits the support of all responsible citizens.

Support the volunteer work of:

THE CANADIAN ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: 1000 DUNDAS STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT. M6J 1B1

This message is contributed by the member publications of The National Advertising Bureau of Canada.



TURKEY continued

Delicious mosques and palaces surround by elaborate gardens within sight of the Aegean shore across the blue Bosporus or Sea of Marmara. The beaches are filled with young Turkish girls in the slinkiest of bikinis — and while you watch the evidence of modern civilization you'll hear the muzakas off the Moslems to pray five times a day from constant minarets, no longer at the top of their minarets, but through loudspeaker systems, as even with prewaraid tapes.

Half-day and full-day bus sightseeing tours cost from \$4 to \$10 per person in Istanbul. In the mosques, you see your recent year shoes below exterior, you see washed arides, domes nearly some 150 feet high, chandeliers hanging from on high and lofty pulpits from which the mullahs, or priests, recite prayers. You'll always find some pre-trance woodpecker facing east toward Mecca, frequently knocking his head to the oval-carpeted floor in prayer.

Be sure to see the Belles Ahmed or Blue Mosque with its six tall minarets, the beautiful mosque of Süleymaniye the Magnificent, and St. Sophia, a basilica for 800 years before the Turks conquered Constantinople and made it a mosque in the 15th century.

No one should miss the Topkapı palace and museum (where the power of the sultan was made) with its formal gardens, colorfully tiled rooms, harem quarters and ornamental baths. In its museum section is one of the world's best displays of jewelry, decorated weapons and possessions. The sultan's quarters (Dolmabahçe Palace on the Bosporus) has been guest home for European monarchs over the past century.

The grandiosity of all covered shopping malls is Istanbul's Grand Bazaar, where merchants have bagged with customers for more than 500 years. It is a city in itself with 5,000 shops and a hundred streets and closely by alleyways. Be sure to see the sultan's old Turkish shops with the traditional turned up boots, silver and gold filigree jewelry, intricate paper, silk, laceware and so on. But you are assured no haggle over prices — it's both traditional and part of the fun for both buyer and seller.

European steamers (four dollars for a half-day trip) cruise up and down the 20-mile-long Bosporus. Ships from many nations pass by, including the Soviet of tankers bound to or from the Black Sea at the northern end of the waterway. On the European shore are most conspicuous, and on the Asian shore a few palaces (open to the sun). Ports traffic on the hills on both shores, the largest being 300-year-old Beşiktaş. Heavens on the European side where, high above the busy shopping center, traditional

continued on page 53

Come now-rave later! The Maritimes

This year, come to the Maritimes, where the people are as warm as the sun. Where Canada begins... New Brunswick Nova Scotia Prince Edward Island! You can

swim in the warmest ocean waters north of Florida, enjoy modern roads and find class accommodation.



Or relax in quiet pastoral beauty, fish sparkling streams, see live theatre and famous art galleries. Or go to the hottest social Tour

Canada's Maritime provinces — all of them. It's a different kind of experience, one that gives you memories to take back home and share. Send for your free vacation kit today.

More All Together... Different
ON MARITIMES

FOR more info, brochures, maps, etc. fill in and return this coupon to:

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PROV. _____
ZIP _____

FREE BROADLOOM FOR YOUR LIVING ROOM



Build your dream home now and save the HALLIDAY way

Just \$1 will give you a free build your dream home now and save up to \$2500. The Halliday way. Best reason for the new "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" is an elegant 32 page full color catalog of architecturally styled, ultra-modern Halliday Home designs. Factory assembled Halliday Homes represent today's most advanced construction techniques, maximum affordability, and the utmost in building convenience. 25 exciting models and the award-winning "Build Your Dream Home" plan are featured in the new "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" and "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" and "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes".

And now, we're "Building Better"!
Take delivery of your Halliday Home by May 31st and get yourself and your family a new Halliday Home. The Halliday way. Best reason for the new "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" is an elegant 32 page full color catalog of architecturally styled, ultra-modern Halliday Home designs. Factory assembled Halliday Homes represent today's most advanced construction techniques, maximum affordability, and the utmost in building convenience. 25 exciting models and the award-winning "Build Your Dream Home" plan are featured in the new "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" and "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes" and "Halliday's Showcase of Fine Homes".

HALLIDAY HOMES LIMITED
100 West Avenue, Burlington, ON
L7R 4K1 or 1000 Guelph Road, Guelph, ON
N1H 6K1

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PROV. _____
ZIP _____

A far-away grandmother can still give joy. Lavish them with your love by Long Distance. It's the next best thing to hot gingerbread and milk.



Trans-Canada Telephone System

TURKEY *continued*

You can attend a drama in a 2,000-year-old Greek theatre, or join a belly dancer in sinuous gyrations

Turkish sword dances are staged in an open-air amphitheatre. Then, too, you can hear oriental band music played by soldiers in old Janissary costumes, and watch folk dances performed by young men and women.

Nightlife in Istanbul is varied. And don't be surprised if you are unexpectedly drawn into a giggling belly-dancer's transparent veil and invited to join her in some gyrations.

You can best see Turkish history and its fine beaches outside Istanbul from a scheduled week-long cruise on a steamer plying the Sea of Marmara, the Dardanelles, Aegean Sea and Mediterranean Sea. (From Istanbul to Antalya in a cabin with shower and washroom facilities is \$60, one way, with all meals.)

There is a stop at Izmir, formerly Smyrna, Turkey's second largest seaport where, in the ruins of the Greek and Roman gods still stand At Dalmas, ancient Hierapolis, in a castle built by English, French and Italian Knights of Rhodes in the 15th century where the museum has relics from remnants of the Bronze Age. At Ephesus you can ride a camel or hike up a steep mountain to fu-

neled crypts carved high up in the rock, where Greek leaders were buried 2,400 years ago. The stone walls are now empty, rubble-covered ruins.

A side trip from Izmir will take you to Ephesus, with its Roman ruins, where the Holy Virgin spent the last days of Her earthly life. North of Izmir is Bergama, formerly Pergamon, with the ruins of an ancient Greek hospital and health spa. Here you can sit on stone steps in what is believed the world's second theatre — built on a hill by Greeks more than 2,000 years ago — for the performance of drama. The view is breathtaking. So is the climb down — there are no handrails.

There is a \$110 air-day tour of Turkey that takes in Istanbul, Izmir, Ephesus and Pergamon, with rooms in the best hotels in the two big cities and all meals.

Numerous new North American-style hotels have been built in the past few years and more are planned. Trip rates are at most \$15 per couple, meals extra, although a few have more expensive accommodations. Hotels are being built at many beach resorts. At a few baby-sitting services can be arranged.

Roads are good, though there are no expressways as yet. Motor camping is being promoted and a chain of motor camps has been built with all facilities. Cars will be rented (liberally) by the day or the week at Izmir and Ankara, the nation's capital, at rates that range from three dollars a day up, plus mileage.

Turkey is a Muslim country, but there are bars in most major city hotels and restaurants. Turkish sweets, liqueurs and some hard liquors are available as well as imposed alcoholic beverages.

The international exchange rate for Turkish currency is usually nine liras to the U.S. dollar, but there is a special tourist rate of 12 liras to the dollar when exchanged in Turkey. You can't bring in more than 200 liras or take out more foreign currency than you brought in. You need a passport, and four small-passport-size photos. No visa is required.

Seafood is excellent and the Turks know how to prepare barbecued lamb roasted on a vertical spit and cut in long thin strips from the outside. Gourmets will want to try shawarma, a concoction of rice, carrots and green peas wrapped in grape leaves. □



"See your phone book for typical low rates after 6-00 p.m. and all day Sunday"

WHERE VACATION DREAMS COME ALIVE!

South Dakota



Family vacation dreams become living, breathing adventures in this exciting, scenic land of the West. From the beautiful, towering Black Hills across horizon-wide plains to quiet dunes and sparkling lakes, you'll thrill to the spectacle of Mt. Rushmore, the Badlands, the Great Lakes of South Dakota, Indian dances, wild west rodeos, free roaming buffalo, forts, caves. AND some of the finest camping, fishing and relaxing spots in all of America! Send for beautiful, free color brochure today.

TRAVEL DIRECTOR 4804 67A
SOUTH DAKOTA HIGHWAYS
PO Box 10000
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____
STATE: _____

SEND FOR YOUR FREE COLOR BROCHURE TODAY

"TAKE

AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

Mutual funds can be like too much shortcake after wine-and-spaghetti

MUTUAL FUNDS are in vogue, a superb buy for the stock without the time to manage his own investments. But like too much shortcake after dinner, they can be disastrous if completely ignored.

The profits of these funds may be found advertised in the weekly, gentle language of the 825-page report of the Canadian Committee on Mutual Funds and Investment Companies released last December.

The report reveals that the most important of these funds is the common plan of buying shares in mutual funds by instalment. It should be avoided at all costs.

Almost 50 percent of most of the money paid into funds is taken in a sales charge by the use of instalment plans most of them "loaded" into the early months, when up to 50 percent of the buyer's money goes to sales charges.

If the fund-layer stays in the plan long enough his charges will average down. But the committee's finding is that a high proportion come out, having paid a fairly high charge. Others conclude it is better to accumulate the investment money yourself and pay for a lump sum. The committee says there is a necessary method of "forced saving." But the study shows that many people don't feel forced to save at all. And the addition of service charges in an instalment plan may be the average deduction to around 12 percent. This is too much.

Another problem is lack of competition. Fund-investors instead of competing by offering lower sales charges, the funds maintain their charges by agreement.

The committee regards this as seriously that a recommendation to use lump sum is there is now a law to prevent the practice of amortization. A third problem is the fact that the average purchase of mutual funds doesn't leave what is left. He was often irritated, sometimes misleading. Often it is only when the salesman has been asked signed that the buyer gets a prospectus, which is long and complicated.

The committee recommends a simplified prospectus — a statement of what the fund is and how it is doing — early in the selling process. You don't have to wait for this solution, demand the full prospectus before agreeing to anything.

The committee favors investors to make it easy to sell funds in a useful period. TV advertising use of part-time salesmen and door-to-door selling.

If there has been practice it will be all the more important to make sure the sales, management and service charges? Do the charges bear some harm on early payments? How much better can it be by making lump-sum payments? Can I use the prospectus? Can I get my money back if I change my mind? □

Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland & Sweden. \$110.

That \$110 buys you three weeks of unlimited First Class train travel on 100,000 miles of railway in all of those thirteen countries. You can also buy a one-month Eurailpass for \$140, a two-month one for \$180, or a three-month one for \$210.

European railroads are fast, frequent and punctual. You cannot get your Eurailpass in Europe. So send your Travel Agent for complete details of Eurailpass, Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailatrail for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile, send in the coupon below for your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map.

Form printed in U.S. Defens

EURAILPASS

The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist

Counsellor, P.O. Box 220, Montreal 107, Quebec

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Province _____

AT YOUR SERVICE: MEDICINE

Medicare is undoubtedly a major social achievement. But it can also be a monster of bureaucratic complexity for the patient. Whom does he pay? How much? For what? And is he taxed three times for one thing? For those who run a fever trying to figure out what to do with their doctor's bills, Maclean's presents

Your Guide To The Medicare Maze

BY GERALD CASSELL

AFTER A LONG and painful trial, Medicare was born in the 1960s ended. Suddenly it is a bit of a "second" solution by making government subsidies with private-insurance assistance and the billing practices of nonparticipating doctors. A day forward? Yes, but the result is that an employer's pay slip now reads like a computer printout for nuclear weaponry. It seems you need to become an accountant with a five clerk to assist you before you can book being sick.

The confusion is compounded by the fact that while all but one of the provinces have agreed to join Medicare in principle, only seven have in fact done so by the beginning of 1970. And each of the seven has a different plan. Some are free, some cost as much as private insurance over old in one province, Medicare pays the total doctor's bill in another, only part in some provinces you avoid the moment you move there, in others you wait for three months, hoping to stay healthy. In one place, Medicare won't even pay for an optometrist to test your eyes, in another it will even pay to have your cataracts removed and read the first print.

It is impossible to deal with all the permutations of Medicare and private-insurance plans. This is surely a quick and uncomplicated guide to the rules of Medicare across Canada. Since it's not defective, get copies of the local regulations and read the first print.

NEWFOUNDLAND is one of two provinces where Medicare is free — which means it's paid for by federal and provincial taxes. If you live there, you're covered, and the government will pay all doctor bills, and the same about surgery performed in hospital.

In jobs, you fill in a simple form of the local post office, only bill or doctor's office. Even if a resident — as opposed to a transient or visitor — has not formally applied, he's still covered, but must fill in the form when he visits the doctor.

A word of warning: if you go to a specialist without first being referred to a family doctor, you may find yourself working on extra. Because the specialist will only be paid a GP rate by the government, and he can bill you for the difference.

Doctors and government have agreed that the Medicare fee (which is only 90 percent of the local medical association fee schedule) will be accepted as payment in full. Even if your doctor is not working within the Medicare plan, he must also send bill to the government, which then pays you so you can pay him.

If your eyes are tested by an optometrist, you must pay. If you go to an ophthalmologist (who is also a doctor), the government pays. The government is thinking of including optometrists.

The list of things not covered is much the same in most other provinces. The government doesn't pay for ambulance, drugs and appliances, artificial examinations, dental, eye, hearing, insurance — or for "cosmetic" surgery, such as a nose job.

NOVA SCOTIA'S Medicare plan, like the one in Newfoundland, is a free and covers all residents. With this difference: if you move to the province from a non-Medicare province then you must wait 90 days to be eligible. However, if you come from another Medicare province your coverage is valid during this time.

Again, ambulance and drugs are not included — but most provinces already have hospitalization schemes that cover ambulance costs, and cheap private insurance can cover drug costs.

If you are taken ill outside Nova Scot-

ia, the government will pay only what it pays doctors within Nova Scotia. If your out-of-province doctor charges more than that, then you pay the difference. But then it's none of us provincial plans.

Only 16 Nova Scotia doctors have not joined Medicare, but if you consult one of them the government will pay its fee schedule and you must pay the difference — if any. If a participating doctor wants to charge more than the government fee, he must tell you beforehand.

It's hard to say how many doctors are charging more than the fee schedule. About a quarter of the claims processed last year bore some indication that the patient was also being asked to pay an additional amount. But it's worth any that this proves anything, it may be that all doctors are taking a few of these better-healed patients to pay more than the fee schedule or that just a few are double-billing anyone they trust.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has not yet said if it will join Medicare. NEW BRUNSWICK is not yet in the federal scheme and at the end of 1969 no date had been set for it to join. But making laws were passed back in December 1968 and, when it is finally introduced, the province's plan will parallel those of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, at least insofar as everyone who lives there will be covered free of charge.

QUEBEC should be at the plan by July. What is proposed would be a universal, publicly administered provincial health plan in which the province's share of the cost will be covered by a special provincial tax of 0.8 percent of a married man's pay if he earns more than \$4,000 a year, or the same percentage of a single man's pay if he earns more than \$2,000. Employers will pay the same amount for each employee. But the province is taking

FIVE"

5 minutes to unwind a bit, slip it up of coffee, have her hair and make-up touched up.

She's a professional model, and her day must begin at dawn and end long after sunset. She's got to spend every minute. And look fabulous in a thousand different outfits (in a thousand different poses and situations).

That's why so many models use Tampax tampons. Comfortable, absorbent tampons don't show or chafe or move when you're busy. They're so easy to use, they're so easy to use.

Millions of women all over the world know and love Tampax tampons. So you can too. Try them today.

MADE WITH 100% COTTON

SANITARY PROTECTION WORKS INTERNALLY

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAK TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD. BARRY, ONT.



A boy and his world

David Mackdon's world is just about everything a young lad could wish for. It is swimming, fishing, boating, soccer, hockey, baseball, modern schools, movie theatres, TV playing in the bush and nice places for eating out. When he is a little older, David will appreciate the other things his world offers. Beautiful models, a library, huge shopping plazas and supermarkets, golf, curling along scenic modern homes on landscaped streets, completely unspoiled natural surroundings. For this is Thompson, 400 miles north of Winnipeg. Thompson is home for David, his mother and older brother and his dad, Harold Mackdon, Senior Metallurgist, Administration at Inco's Thompson mining complex. To these there's no place like Thompson.



INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
 1000 TO DONMILLON CENTRE, TORONTO

MEDICARE MAZE *continued*

No province makes it easier to join Medicare than Saskatchewan. None charges more than Ontario

will be \$125 a year, so it can't cost anybody more than that.

ONTARIO is where the Medicare Maze was devised, and where it is most expensive. Premiums are \$5.90 for a single person, \$11.80 for a married couple, \$14.75 for a family of three or more. However, if you are married, with two or more dependents, and earn less than \$1,200 a year in taxable income, you can plead poverty, and the government will partly subsidize your premiums. A couple with \$1,000 or less in taxable income, and a single person with \$500 or less, can get a government subsidy.

And there, when you get to the doctor, it could — and often does — cost more than in other provinces. If the doctor's fee is higher than the government is prepared to pay, then the fee gap is your responsibility. As in most other provinces, the government will pay only 90 percent of the fee schedule set by the provincial medical association. Since Medicare was introduced last October, indications are that most doctors are asking patients to cough up the extra 10 percent.

Ontario's plan doesn't include the little fees in the more generous schemes of BC and Alberta. But it does cover eye tests by optometrists. As elsewhere, most dental surgery performed in hospital is paid for. But again drugs, ambulations, "instrumental" surgery and some auxiliary medical services are not provided for, so private insurance schemes to cover such areas still thrive.

If your company has more than 15 employees, both it and you must join the scheme. Anyone employing more than five people can also apply for membership.

It also takes time to get coverage in Ontario — there is a three-month waiting period before applying for membership and being covered.

However, in Ontario, indication of the provincial version of Medicare are a bit political issue, so changes are expected.

MANITOBA also charges for Medicare, but modestly. It costs 35 cents a month for a single person, and more for a family. As you move westward in Canada, you find changes, and increases, in the variety of medical services covered. Manitoba, for instance, will pay for optometrists and for chiropractors.

There is a 90-day waiting period between applying for coverage, and getting it. If you have come from another Medicare province, you're in good shape because that province will accept responsibility for bills incurred during those 90 days. If you come from a non-Medicare

province, tough luck, you still have to wait 90 days, and hope you don't fall sick in that time.

By law, residents must register with the plan. As everywhere, registration is relatively simple — just fill in the appropriate forms at the local city hall or at your place of work, your employer usually will deduct your premiums from your pay. You must pay at least one month in advance.

Regular checks are made to ensure premiums are being paid. If you're a defaulter, you are still covered under the plan, but you lose protection.

The province's plan pays 85 percent of the medical association fee schedule, and participating doctors accept this as payment in full. A nonparticipating doctor must tell you before he begins treatment, and it's up to either him or you to clear as much as the government will pay. You cough up the rest.

SASKATCHEWAN is, of course, where socialist medicine began in North America eight years ago. And yet it isn't as "socialist" as in some other provinces that have since joined the federal Medicare plan.

For instance, it isn't free; the premiums are one dollar a month for a single person and two dollars for families. And from there is the "collaborative fee."

When Saskatchewan first introduced socialist medicine there was a massive increase in the number of people consulting doctors. This placed too large a strain on the province's medical facilities, so to discourage people from indiscriminate use of the services the government started charging the patient \$1.50 every time he visits a doctor and two dollars when the doctor visits him. Thus, "collaborative" worked; the premiums were almost immediately paid.

But it wouldn't be too Saskatchewan Medicare true to join any other provincial scheme. You don't even have to fill in a form before you have to go to your local provincial government office and provide details of your family.

Again, optometrists are included in the plan, though chiropractors are not. As elsewhere, but fees usually offset premiums through special deductions, but the true test of the Act says it is each individual's personal responsibility to ensure the premium is paid.

Bills are paid in one of three ways. The doctor bills his part to the government, or bill one of two doctor-sponsored plans, which then pass the bill on to the government. This last option is provided for doctors who find it distasteful to deal directly with the government. Doctors who bill the government directly or use

the doctor-sponsored plans are tacitly agreeing to accept 85 percent of the provincial medical association fee schedule in payment in full for their services. If the doctor bills you directly he will charge more than the 85 percent, and you pay the difference. The onus is on the doctor to ask the patient what his billing practice is.

ALBERTA, like Manitoba, won't cut you off from casual treatment if you don't pay the premiums of five dollars a month for a single person and \$10 per family. But if you default, you're breaking the law and may be prosecuted. All residents must register, and there is no waiting period: you've covered the money you fall in the form.

Until the end of last year, the government paid 100 percent of the provincial medical association fee schedule. But then the fee schedule was revised upward, and the government didn't automatically accept the new charges. Result: patients were sometimes asked to pay the difference between old and new fees. But as adjustments to cash payments, bills and the medical association fee schedule it is the works.

As elsewhere, dental care is covered only if it is surgery performed in hospital. But otherwise, the Alberta scheme is more liberal. It includes optometrists, chiropractors, podiatrists, osteopaths and appliances prescribed by podiatrists.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is a great place to be sick. All doctors are participating members of the medical plan, which means they all accept 90 percent of the medical association fee schedule in payment in full.

Premiums are five dollars a month for a single person, \$10 for a couple and \$12.50 for a family. As everywhere else, the "collaborative" surgery — that new new job again, or any other kind of cosmetic surgery — is a luxury you pay for yourself. But the BC plan throws in more in-house services.

Apart from doctors and surgeons and optometrists, the plan covers chiropractors, naturopaths, osteopaths, podiatrists and orthopedic treatment for children of defective visual habits. Physiotherapists, Red Cross nurses, emergency services and visits by the Veterans' Order of Nurses can also be paid for under the plan. And if you earn less than \$1,000 taxable income, the government will help pay the premiums.

But all that makes you want to move to the hypothesized Valley. Be warned: there's a waiting period of at least two months between applying for Medicare benefits, and being eligible to receive them. □

This is a Florsheim



now
look at your
shoes.

RAY MORIYAMA *continues*

Science Centre, even though it was the controversial part in the making and two years late as a Commerce project. The design is based on three interlocking circles and science and nature. The basic principle is to solve education, leisure, and the fear about science and technology. That's why Moriyama used his reduction technique to move people through the mundane part of the building, the restaurants and checkrooms, to the exhibits. He designed a long hall open to the river on one side, and completed the other three sides in arc. The downward slope of the hall and all that blue space to look you right into the central core of the building. To make people feel secure there are acres of perspective exhibits. "The simplest of our time is very important to see," he says. "The life cycle of any product now is five years or less. The only constant is change and if this centre is to survive most change constantly." So, every year 15 percent of the exhibits will be new, ensuring a complete turn-over every seven or eight years.

Moriyama was born in Vancouver in 1938 to Japanese-Canadian parents. By the time he was 11, he'd watched his father dragged off to an internment camp witnessed the collapse of the family's hardware business, and had day duties to pay for robes and board at an alien camp in the British Columbia hinterland. About those tough years kept him in close contact with nature, a factor that has determined his style of architecture and his life. His masterpiece, the Science Centre, appears to be part of the steep river in which it is set. That is true of all his buildings: they are a natural enhancement to their sites, and add a sense of intimacy to the location.

The Centre seems to be part of the rock, as busy as the jagged. Moriyama had his contractor project every inch outside the perimeter of the building. "The building must state that this is an extension part of nature," he says. "We cannot forget his past and, with his emphasis on science and technology, nature is his base."

During his research recently, Moriyama found that the human brain can accept only about 20,000 square feet of outside building, then his attraction made all 50 at the Centre, the river is constantly being reflected by nature. The Centre is a success, it grows every day. Every January 285,500 people had dropped their way through it.

Now Moriyama is concentrating on an even more breathtaking scheme, one that doesn't get depend on taxpayers' contributions. It's his vision of the Canada space port located on a vast park land.



Southern California Vacation Kit...Free!

What to see. When to go. Where to stay. What to wear. Everything you need to start planning that Southern California vacation now.

Southern California Vacation Kit
P.O. Box 2000, Dept. M31
Los Angeles, Calif. 90020

Get instant
Price to suit you. Your free report is for:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____

Healing Substance In Preparation II Shrinks Piles

Exclusive Healing Substance Proven To Shrink Hemorrhoids And Repair Damaged Tissues

A renowned research institute has found a unique healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids painlessly. It relieves itching and discomfort, guarantees and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissue.

If used after one, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most important of all—results were so thorough that this improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

This was accomplished with a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne) which quickly helps heal opened cells and eliminate growth of new tissue.

Now Bio-Dyne is offered in convenient and suppository form called Preparation II. Ask for it at all drug stores—satisfaction or your money refunded.

"By 2000," he says. "The world population will be six or seven billion. And what becomes crucial? Peace of mind which means land. Other nations are going to put tremendous demands on Canada for space for recreation."

Moriyama is the chairman of a Task Force on Ecological and Environmental Factor, a group of 150 architects, foresters, sociologists, ecologists and geologists who are traveling across the north and working on research projects that are genuine to Canada's survival. They are paying the shot themselves. Some of the group traveled 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle last November. "The ecology is so delicate up there you can't touch it like the south," says Moriyama. "Touch it once a little, and you could create massive pollution. Unless there's some sort of stewardship by the government, we'll f--- it up, too."

Moriyama found northern conditions depressed cultural periods of the Indians unbroken by the government, the native people living in alien conditions. In Inuvik, as Eskimo women looked on to Moriyama, "I hear there are children here," she said. "I don't want to talk to anybody but children." For two days he found the little town with her and came to at least a partial understanding of the problem. The Task Force must arrive at "The Eskimo women tend to accept the whole reality as because that represents security for their children," says Moriyama. "But without the heat, men feel useless, like animals, and they go on and on."

What struck him most about the white people was what he calls northern paranoia. "They always start a discussion by saying, 'We're not as good as the south, but ...' And I'm saying the hell with that sort of baloney. Why don't they aim as high as anyone else—up or higher?" So many of their goals are second-rate."

Moriyama and his colleagues are collecting all their information to find out what the problems are.

Normally, Moriyama is engaged with group activity unless it involves professional. He was a founding member of Toronto's CORRA (Confederation of Rappers and Residents Association). He became less active when he found he could be more effective by doing things alone. He is a consultant for the Toronto Planning Board, helping to prepare studies on the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts, downtown renewal projects and a new rail-and-communications arterial proposal. "Committees and ad hoc committees," he says. "With the same amount of time given over to just thinking a problem through, and then doing something about it, I can contribute

continues on page 62

14 Easter Sun-days in the Caribbean



Be an imaginative Easter Bunny. Pick up the bunny and enjoy sun, soft air, bright lights, the Calibans, Italian Line! Run away from New York on March 26 for St. Thomas, Curacao, Oranjestad, San Blas, Montego Bay. All first class from \$265. Your hotel! The elegant at Rarivatu. San Juan Fort Fernandez, Florida on March 28, from \$495. Tell to your travel agent or to Italian Line, 3 place Ville Marie, Montreal 122, Quebec, telephone (514) 678-6705 or P.O. Box 118, Toronto Dominion Centre, Toronto 111, Ontario, (416) 366-1595.

Ask for information on our other services:
TRANSATLANTIC CRUISES • MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES
CARIBBEAN • RED CRUISE • HAWAIIAN FRANCHISE SERVICE
SHIP OF 10000 SIGHTS

Italian Line

The choice of the choosy

Paarl Wines

You don't have to be a connoisseur to enjoy the palate-pleasing goodness of Paarl when but if you are one, you'll recognize that the South African vintner's 320 year old tradition has produced products of superb quality and unmatched value. Some Paarl table wines, sherry, and dessert wines offer. Their low price lets you indulge your good taste frequently.

IMPORTED FROM SOUTH AFRICA

21mm-200mm TTL&EE



**KONICA. the camera
mechanical minds
admire**

Konica, a perfect
combination of TTL
(Through the Lens) type
SLR (Single-Lens Reflex) system
and EE (Electric Eye) mechanism

The future of SLR camera development is perfectly concentrated in the revolutionary 35mm SLR camera with an extraordinary ability for quick and candid shooting. A wide range of interchangeable lenses ranging from a 21mm ultra wide angle lens to a 200mm telephoto lens. No need for troublesome and intricate lens setting manipulation. Caliche, a possible interchanging of the lenses. The EE system remains in operation during the interchanging of the lenses. Konica has now made it possible to shoot twice as fast as with any of the other SLR type cameras. Now the critical moments won't be missed. This is the newest and ultimate system for a 35mm SLR camera.

KONICA T AUTOREFLEX

GARLICK FILMS LTD.
Sales House, York Drive
Toronto 18, Ont. M6H 1A1, CANADA



KONISHIROU
PHOTO IND. CO., LTD.
No. 5, Kojimachi 2-chome
Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan

RAY MORIYAMA continued

more than by going to meetings?"
He also sees the practice of conventional architecture in decline. It's no longer just a matter of working up some kind of structure that fits the pocketbook and the building code. It requires much more involvement with the whole quality of life than ever before. "I feel there are the politicians and bureaucrats on one hand, and people who are oriented in people on the other. There's a need for a third force — an individual and an architect-planner. I represent it — to convey to one party what the other desires are. I'm interested in helping decision-makers make better answers." An apologetic statement to be sure, but Moriyama doesn't move until he's convinced himself he's right. He has two full-time assistants on his staff of 28: a social scientist and an ecologist.

Right now Moriyama is working on a hotel for downtown Toronto, a new town centre for the borough of Scarborough, a residence at Guelph, Ontario, and a campus building for Brock University at St. Catharines. To get away from pressure, he relaxes every day with his five children, ranging in age from six to 13, or spends time on his farm near Orangeville. He sees the farm also as a think tank for his staff when things get too hectic in the city.

He's been accused by politicians for some time. "But," he says, "I was recently sitting in a plane talking to Dr. Donald Chert (the University of Toronto's pollution expert). We were, of course, discussing pollution — both of it as well as clean — nothing." He's against insensitive people who are motivated by short-term money and political goals. He is, for people like Chert, who are usually devoted, dedicated to solving one of the disappearing problems of our time.

Moriyama drives a Mercedes, partly because he believes it's more efficient than most other cars. But he loans off the motor rather than let it idle, since an idling car emits 10 cubic feet of pollutant a minute. "I'm not completely against machinery," he says, "as long as it's used properly." He set against developers a chair as long as they don't contaminate our landscape.

Every building Moriyama sees, in short or in size or a need. The Pemberton was about life after death, the Tip Hotel about perpetual love. "The Science Centre strives to express the concept of the pursuit of knowledge."

The paramount need for our age is peace of mind in his search for that. Moriyama says, "I've constantly wondered what my grandfather told me the moon does just as much as a handful of water as on a lake. We may find truth under a pebble. Truth is probably very small." □

Geben Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

Dewar's を
一試下さい

Mi dia un
Dewar's
per favore!

Donnez-moi un
Dewar's
s'il vous plait!

"Give me a Dewar's,
please." The same in any
language. Dewar's needs
no translation. It is
recognized around the
world as the finest of
single Whisky blends.
I want you to
before you say "Scotch".
Say "Dewar's".

The Scotch...
it never varies

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland



Naive, a member of Toronto's Finnish-Carelian Gymnastic Club, took a post-sauna walk in the snow with no ill effects. That's good training for you. The *New Ricci* bikini she's wearing is the most comfortable and flattering of the season. It's \$30, cover up, \$72. From Five Star

AT FOUR: FASHION

Banished from don't usually conjure up images of ice and snow. But they profoundly affect people in the north anyway. Some of the kindest, sexiest swimwear is designed by people living in Finland, Norway, Sweden — and Canada. Year after year they produce the best swimwear on the market. Perhaps making sexual bathing suits faithful water swimmers. Or maybe we people of the north are all the more appreciative of gorgeous ladies clad in so little because we spend so much of our time bundled up. Either way, it goes as through the water.

This year's suits seem to cover more skin, but display more body. They're not

restraining — and they are much more revealing after a swim than just lying about as a beach or beside a pool.

Our models were chosen from the Meri-Girls (the Finnish-Carelian Gymnastic Club of Toronto). Their bodies, honed to perfection by years of training, are our ideal of what should be made a Nordic swimsuit. Neither Leona nor Naive seemed to mind going from sun to snow. (It was about 20 degrees at the time.) To shower, since this sauna routine is almost sacred for them.

In fact, the Scandinavian practice of making saunas is domestically commonplace in showers is existing on all over Canada. It's estimated we now have more than 10,000, with the heaviest concentrations in Ontario. And the sauna has barely started. Saunas are not only an essential feature of health clubs and most new apartment blocks, but smaller versions, ranging in price from a few hundred dollars to \$1,000, make it easy for any house or cottage to accommodate one.

The strenuous workout we've used to display the new suits isn't recommended for everyone. It demands a body in perfect condition. But it is a recognition of our Nordic connections.

Snow, Saunas And Swimsuits



These micro-bikinis guarantee no white marks. They're the new tin through suits — not that much is covered up anyway. Naive's is brown, \$9. Leona's is flowered cotton, batiste, \$10. From Five Star



First a sauna, then a walk in the snow followed by a shower. That's the prescribed pattern for a Nordic sauna experience. Top left: Leona in a Swedish suit from Five Star, \$35. Centre: two stinky Du Pont nylon suits by Canada's Beatrice Pines, \$70 each. Bottom: a Swedish suit, \$52. Above: bikini, \$30, and a sensational white suit — very risqué when wet, \$30. From Five Star Fashions. □

PRODUCED BY MERJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH CRAIG

SO WHITE. SO LIGHT.



...that's the spirit!

More Canadians love our white rum.
The reason is crystal clear. And very good-tasting.

Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People No. 1

BY BELLE HAMILTON

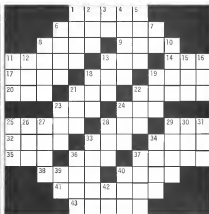
Horizontalement

- 1 Truc de caractère de Derek Sanderson (3)
- 6 Action de ren sur le temps (7)
- 8 Refrains accumulés (6)
- 9 "Comme Salome, la Révolution — ses enfants" (Le Mort de Danton) (4)
- 11 "Vive l'acier" du Canada (5)
- 13 Envers à mort de Clotilde (3)
- 14 Général américain (3)
- 17 "Le capitaine Dac" en a perdu une (4)
- 18 Cher mi-lieu (3)
- 19 Gémies les feuilles de l'Or au West d'Ouest de Shirley (4)
- 20 Sans égal (3)
- 21 Quel est cet objet (3)
- 22 Puissance d'une bicyclette (5)
- 23 Appartement d'un chic type (3)
- 24 Sels de vides d'un corridor américain (5)
- 25 Frère de l'Inconnu (5)
- 28 Pigeonne (3)
- 29 Est perdue (3)
- 32 Un os de la semelle (4)
- 33 Manufacture d'une machine (3)
- 34 Article d'abonnement chinois (4)
- 35 École de Chénier (3)
- 36 Cache de l'argent (Défense, Brèves Espérances) (3)
- 37 Opposé de charmes (5)
- 38 Instrument pour travailler (4)
- 40 Prix d'un journal (4)
- 41 Arête avec héliston (3)
- 43 Plantas subtiles (5)

Verticalement

- 1 Appareil pour la torture (Hill) (4)
- 2 Quête (Berg) (Bert) (3)
- 3 Espion (3)
- 4 Oiseau canadien (Jack Moore) (5)
- 5 Son célèbre de climats (Hill) (4)
- 6 Augmenter du poids (4)
- 7 Le mardi des — (3)
- 8 Citer pour un temps (4)
- 10 Notaire antique (4)
- 11 Une notabilité de l'histoire des Nations (3)
- 12 Du regard (3)
- 13 Un thème (3)
- 14 Les deux dans l'histoire (3)
- 16 Il se balade sur le bout de son nez (Le Père Guillebert de Lamoignon) (3)
- 18 Jeune femme (3)
- 19 Compagnon (3)
- 21 Enné (3)
- 22 Enfant préféré (3)
- 23 Fils d'Israël (3)
- 24 Promesse de payer à l'or (3)
- 25 Premier jour de carême (Le mardi des —) (3)
- 26 Comme le mal peut pour l'été (3)
- 27 Un tout, petit peu de si (4)
- 28 Année (3)
- 29 De — et d'honneur un roman de Stendhal (4)
- 30 Manifestation de la violence (3)
- 31 Parfaitement (3)
- 32 Bateau (3)
- 34 Antennes machines de guerre (4)
- 36 Marque d'un chien enragé (4)
- 37 Baume de Canada (4)
- 39 Proposition (3)
- 40 Chaire (3)
- 42 Protestant (3)

DIRECTIONS: The clues are in French, you fill in the diagram with answers in English. The French is kept — what you remember of your high school French should crack the toughest clues. Bilingual Crossword will appear every other month alternating with Canada's Toughest Acoustic. Answer to the puzzle above will appear next month.



ANSWER: ACROSTIC NO. 1
SCOTT SYMONS
Place d'Armes

"His partner is that healthy Canadian girl who would fight in a better housekeeping kitchen and make the perfect. The whole rose is a study in the vertical Canadian music, except that it doesn't fit."

A ludicrous slide into a snowbank at 15 mph is the worst that can happen in the

Car Races That Don't Kill

BY WILLIAM CAMERON
Photographs by Horst Dieckhoff

We ARE ALL stationed around on the ice of a woolly lap at three o'clock in the afternoon, and it is not glamorous. It is colder than an old man's dream. The speeds are slow, 10 and 15 miles per hour around the turns and only 40 or so on the straights. The track is bumpy. The people who came out to see somebody get killed, which is the secret reason most people have for going to see auto mobile racing, have all gone home. It is apparent that nobody is going to die at 15 or 40 miles per hour when it is from pure boredom. There would be some action in a dogfight arena or a roller derby rink. Why freeze?

The rest of us, the enthusiasts, are watching Chris Cassutta take a turn very slowly and hesitantly, at perhaps 12 miles per hour, a fraction away from the speed at which his Volkswagen would slip out of control. The car is on the outside limit of adhesion, but Cassutta is sliding on a precise angle, in his corner out of the turn his back wheels catch a sprinkling of snow, he straps on the accelerator and a sudden road surprise gets him.

It is superbly done, the transition has the complete feel and grace of a fine high-drive, and the fact that it is executed at 12 miles an hour takes nothing away from its elegance, except for those people who consider auto-racing a blood sport in which a man's flesh should properly be payable by death.

The people who are excited only by speed, and the dangers implied by speed, will have their moments later on in the afternoon, in the fifth race, which is for cars equipped with skidded tires. It is possible to go very fast on ice when your traction is improved with small metal spikes, it is like racing on dry land, quick and nerve and aggressive. The cars equipped with rubber tires do not go fast, and the skills the drivers need are lost.

continued on page 70



Chris Cassutta (right) races down the straight (top) of the Young's Plant 'Oval,' ice track, collides in a tight turn skidded wheels up, leaving snowing cars. Total damage: a bent fender — no driver.

**Sling this to your shoulder
and walk away with the
best sound around.**



THE LARK MODEL TLR-001
7 transistor, 800 mw takes
only 10 carry with
uninterrupted shoulder strap.
Full 2 week output.

Wherever you go. Stroll a beach, picnic beside a lake, listen to your favorite music while going for a pleasant drive. Wherever you go, Toshiba portables let you walk away with the best sound around. Solid state and "silver sound" speakers are what make these portables the best walk away sound around.



TOSHIBA
TOSHIBA OF CANADA LIMITED
100 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT. M5X 1C5



14 Transistor
Auto Reversing System
THE LARKINA
Model TD 3300



Solid State FM AM
Portable Radio
THE VOYAGER Model TD 30



10 Transistor FM AM
Portable Radio
THE SANCER Model TD 3000



Solid State FM AM Portable Radio
THE PULZER Model RM 301P



divisions, but the races are more beautiful to watch.

The first ice races I saw were held on a cove at Bernice, Ontario. I borrowed a crash helmet and went along with Chris Coatsworth on a practice run around the three-quarter-mile track. Coatsworth had been the Ontario ice-racing champion in all classes in 1967 and 1968, but had missed a few races this season, and was out to make up championship points. He was driving on a practice track, hanging on the edge of control, and although I had driven before, and been in more danger along the highway from Toronto to Bernice I hung on to my half of the dashboard as though I were drowning.

Coatsworth is a pleasant, personable man who is curiously sane, but he talks to himself verbally during a race. "Now of a gun. Now this guy, the little Vaughan! he's going to cut me right off, every time. There he goes! I know he was going to stall it. This part is easier than last time, somebody's wiped out the cover. If this clown doesn't get out of my way I'm going to get caught over him. Right through him. He couldn't back into a garage, this one."

Coatsworth drives on ice because it is less expensive and less dangerous than driving on a dry track. But this is not to say that he doesn't have the nerve for dry-track racing, until a few years ago he and Coatsworth won a familiar sight at Ontario sports-car races.

"If I ever went back to dry-track racing, my marriage would go like shit. My wife would be off like a rocket. For 25 years old I have a good house in Toronto, I'm starting my own business, I haven't even been a father yet. What would I go back for? So I do this instead, and my wife comes and watches. It's a gamble. If you get lost, what the hell, you slide 30 feet and stuff it into a snowbank. And if you're good, if you go the same feeling reggae riding on dry land. It's pure 4000 feet slide and turbo."

The slide into position, but the realists vary. Coatsworth is a delicate driver he has been known to nudge a slower car out of the way with a fender, but he generally tries to avoid hard contact because it wastes time and traction. Other drivers aren't as polite. Bob Atkin, a Toronto racecar who got his training in stock-car races, is inclined to shoulder his way through a person rather than go around it. "Intensity speaking, there's a light, and I wouldn't say that I deliberately beat people just to knock them off the track or anything like that. But even if I did, who could prove it? You're skating all the time, you might just happen to slide one way rather than the other — who's to say you could help it?"

There is usually a good deal of beat-

ing and crashing around on the ice — sometimes accidental, sometimes just for the hell of it. Drivers with a highly developed sense of dignity don't last long. There is nothing quite as frustrating, or as addictive, as a slide into a snowbank at 15 miles per hour, and competitors take a splendid delight in helping you do just that. "Bernie stuffed it in the snow bank around the second turn. Well, he actually didn't actually stuff it at all by himself, now, I helped him just a little bit, but he came out of that slide with his rear end hanging out and I just um couldn't resist."

Ice racing is an ascetic's sport. It is inexpensive, casual, there are no money prizes and no serious accidents; the drivers are an odd assortment of musicians, professional racers longing in shape for the summer season, and any number of pure enthusiasts: vagabonds, lawyers, taxi-dancers, dentists, all of whom have an absolute faith that they would have been like Fergie if they hadn't got married instead. They drive or tow their cars to the lakes every weekend, check into motels and throw themselves into on Saturday nights. There is plenty of beer, and a good deal of back-slaid lying. ("Now, I have it all set so far as it goes out there, but old Harvey come up close on the outside and clipped me from behind and I went straight into the ditch. Harvey was okay, he brought me back, y'know, so he went straight on through, and anyway the damn course afterwards didn't get me back on the track till the race was half over.") The wives sit in a corner and bid, shout children and the men talk about engines. ("Got an Olus speed but from Germany, new crank, dual carbs, intake manifold, we took that engine apart and put it back together so it wouldn't recognize itself.") On Sundays, the nice, weather and larger cars in their own back. The course, inevitably, is bad. I got bumps as the back you could make an axle out of") and the ice, naturally, is spotty. The spectators usually stand close to the shore to watch somebody get killed, and, despite back signs half an hour later, wondering what all the fuss is about. The cars move slowly around the track, gliding in and around turns, spraying snow into the air.

It is slow and unglamorous and not dangerous at all, but it is graceful as a dance, as the cars sit in pure art, and if the drivers are good it is as beautiful as any other sport I have seen. "Pleased on the corners and thump it as he struggles," says Chris Coatsworth, doing up the strap on his helmet before a race. "Simple as that. You follow that advice, and you'll be second every time. You can be first, most you, but you'll be second. It's not hard. Just like skating on your bare feet."

WHERE TO FIND THE ICE DICES

IT'S KARP to go ice racing, the races are all run by local branches of the Canadian Amateur Sports Club and usually there are no special tests of driving skills. Few farms to fill out and little initial expense. Use the family car if you can face a few dents in the fenders — or buy an old used car and tinker with it. Membership in the sports car club is usually a requirement.

The sport is most popular in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. In Winnipeg, races are held as often as local ice conditions permit, and they have a reputation for being "tough." In Regina and Saskatoon there are only occasional races, usually hastily arranged by enthusiasts who might otherwise go to Winnipeg.

Calgary has its own unique ice races on Little Red Deer Lake about 30 miles southwest of the city. They are little but races against the clock so as no live is more than one car at a time. These events, closed to the public, are called "the Deer" and are run most winter weekends.

In Edmonton, the Northern Alberta Sports Car Club runs both Ice Dices and mass-start races in a lake near the city. But the big event is a championship on Sylvan Lake, halfway between Calgary and Edmonton, and about 15 miles from Red Deer, staged when ice conditions are suitable and usually at fairly short notice.

The CASC annual 1970 edition, one dollar non-refundable race fund, 5385 York Street, Willowdale 461, Ont.) lists all clubs; membership fees are usually between \$10 and \$25 a year. Before you can take to the ice you must get a driver's license from your local licensing official (cost, three dollars) and prove your health is good and your drivers' license is satisfactory.

In most cases, entering a race involves just turning up and paying an entrance fee of say five dollars. Officials will determine the class in which you'll drive.

The crucial element in ice racing is traction. Check the supplementary regulations of the events you wish to enter to see if a 200% permitted. If it is, buy four wide snow tires and have them mounted cold laterally through the tread so that the rubber takes down in the ice. Then have them treaded with a pattern that involves running the tire through a spiral-driven machine which fluffs up the rubber to the consistency of a hard sponge.

NEW ZEALAND IS!

Flushing for black swans, eagles for rainbow trout and throwing back the minnows under 14 inches long... the special beauty of Rotorua with its swimming cliffs, boiling mud and scalding plumes of water... where the moon hangs upside-down over beautiful Wellington harbor... where the gentle city of Christchurch will tell you a Canterbury tale... a stroll across the moving Taomn Glacier... the awesome beauty of Milford Sound... the legend of a Maori carving. New Zealand is marvelous food, comfortable lodgings and the most friendly souls in the world. That's what New Zealand is. And more. Simply meet the people. We'll be delighted to tell you all the rest.

NEW ZEALAND COMMERCE
TOMMY DICK
Department 36/66
181 Gorman Street, San Francisco 94102,
152 Park Avenue, New York City 10022, or
142 W. 57th Street, Los Angeles 90024

Please send me your free New Zealand Book
☐ I am interested in information
on nearby Australia too

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

My Travel Agent _____

Johnnie Walker.

The perfect blend of
what people like most
in one scotch.



Smooth enough to be the world's largest selling scotch

FILM BOARD continued

Massive bureaucracy

Last fall, McPherson indicated that the NFB's top-heavy administrative sector would absorb the first losses. Surprising nobody, however, when layoffs came it was the creative side that suffered. This was "cutting up the meat rather than the fat of the organization," as union leader John Howe succinctly put it at the time. That the victims were mostly English-speaking — 45 by no-doubt, in contrast to none in French production — escalated another long-standing elemental conflict. "Of course the French got all the boucals," I was told. And "McPherson is a serial to death of uprooting his Quebecers."

The NFB has three units, of which the biggest is the *Projet Général de Créativité de la Télévision*, a French-English guild representing production and technical services staff. The 416-member SGCT had successfully negotiated its first contract with the Film Board last July 5 — it won an average 19-percent salary increase retroactive to 1987 — just 33 days before the NFB's budget was frozen at its 1984-85 level. According to SGCT official Kim McCready, "The NFB had to go to the Treasury Board to get salary approval. Our position is that it was essential to come to a settlement and then refuse to continue the established practice of providing more funds. In effect, we were allowed to negotiate our own members out of jobs."

A bitter pill. After the December notices such militant tactics as a motorcycle to Ottawa prompted McPherson to postpone the layoffs of his employees while a government consultant studied the offer. His report, which upheld most of the savings while warning the lack of an Ottawa-defined cultural policy further alienated the unions. On January 22, in a scene which superheated pressure, the SGCT informed McPherson that it would not take part in any discussions with him until the layoffs were reversed.

Massive bureaucracy. Apart from this regrettable loss of employment, how badly has The System hurt the Film Board? The answer appears to be not nearly as badly as the current publicity campaign has indicated. Jacques Robit, director of French programming, could only think of one abandoned project that was not reinstated: a multi-media show on the nature of science. "We go on as we can but we must be careful," Robit told me. In the harder hit area of English production — management's holy grail — a major disaster was that the English sector had grown disproportionately big at Confederation time — the situation seemed about the same. Guy Glover, Robit's opposite number, recalled that an hour-long fantasy film about chemical and biological warfare had been "held up. No good idea in finally lost," he added. "We have lost time rather than film."

needed.

The Film Board's most exciting project currently, is *Challenge For Change*, in which film makers record the lives of people in depressed areas and share them with the results a variation that leads to insight and sometimes points up solutions to community problems. The current director of *Challenge For Change* is an American social activist named George Sherry, who sees the NFB from the perspective of an activist outsider. "It's only a 19-percent cut," he says contemptuously of The System. "The System lives on 30-50% if it's saying that the Film Board is going under. Nobody invests money in a sinking ship. I've been keeping our program alive for six months with sheer conviction. I've seen government like agencies all over the world and this is the best. It's the only place where management is bound ethically on the quality of their work. I've never seen so much freedom in my life. It's a great place to make films and I really don't know what the hell is stopping anybody from making them." □

Down and out in Toronto & Winnipeg with a minor Orwell

BY PHILIP SYKES



THINK, you I suspect, both positive and negative impulses in the writing of a book such as *The Poverty Wall*. The positive one is an awareness of the poor themselves — to study people, accessible and hospitable. The negative one is a moral imperative, since the Depression. The second impulse is a moralist's anger at the sinners of the rest of the class, who've got period. We see poverty as a moral thing. *Downed* by the idea of an official society, we're situated partly by the nature of poverty. We turn away from them and reject the argument about inflationary, better the *Travelling* Style.

Author Ian Adams is his home, don't turn away. He has turned away Canada, seeing and sharing poverty. He has talked to a Newfoundland street, along poor at 44. I realized that is all probability his children would also live and die in poverty. That was what Adams decided to write the book.

He is in this journal and he has done so sometimes, reporting on all the major groups of our poor —

the unemployed, the Jackson, the army of poor women, the rural class divided. Ultimately, though, the author reaches too far. He has almost written two books in one. The first is a series of portraits of Canadians behind the poverty wall. The second is a study of poverty in politics."

Training and experience have equipped Adams well to write the first of these books. He reviews the tragedy of Charlie Weppick, a 12-year-old Orphan who died trying to risk 400 miles through the Ontario bush, alone in his father, away from the white residential school, the apprentice sense of coming out in the quiet loneliness where that Newfoundland miner wants to leave the shock of a social worker's revelation about the first, program to get on a porch in north Saskatchewan. "There is no beyond! It's his father!"

The moral dimension is less successful. Unlike Frederick Leighton's *The Rich And The Poor*, this book finds no new light on the way society works. Adams is, in truth, less a Leighton than a minor Orwell, down and out in Toronto and Winnipeg, in public workrooms and the occasional bad with the police, and the resulting fresh steps of class in adversity.

He might have been wise to collect his portraits into a shorter, better book and leave the rest of the housing problem to some new socializing. For Adams in a year has a man and unshakable strength, he is likely to live in the character and dignity of his own mind. And the at-

The Riesling grape. Source of the great Rhine and Moselle wines, it also makes some of the finest white wines of Australia.

There are thousands of known varieties of grapes. But only a handful can produce fine wine. And the Riesling, like all wine-producing grapes, grows in perfection only under special conditions.

Conditions which Australia meets exactly. Sloping hills. Superb soil. Gentle rain. Perfect sunshine. All these combine in Australia to produce perfect grapes. And great wines. First after vintage year. And of course, only the very best is approved for shipment to Canada.

That's why the wines of Australia, both red and white—wines that shimmer, pulse, breathe—offer such a superb and exciting choice to you. Next time, try an Australian wine.

The Australian Wine Board



THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

BOOKS continued

rade that makes him angry, that middle-class reluctance to look poverty in the face reveals, after all, more than compassion. It is, in its roots, a failure of the imagination. That is where he can reach us.

The Poverty War, Jon Adams, McClelland & Stewart \$2.95

Home Of Hate: Peter Jones, McClelland & Stewart, \$7.95. Peter Jones claims that what he has written is a novel. He makes the point because he is clearly reliving his youth in a Newfoundland outback and also, perhaps because he attempts to speed up excitement in place of reality, he offers living. His theme is hatred inside a family, the psychic wounds a wild father inflicts on four sons. James was one of them. Now, in a first novel that is all unadorned story, he narrates the rapes and murders. It is a strong stuff and real, like all his Newfoundland stories.

The Killing of Simon Tally: Simon Adams, McClelland & Stewart, \$7.95. A convicted participant tells how he did it, why. Her nightmarish account, detailed down to the death rattle, must be the scariest thing published since *Mein Kampf*. □

QUOTE

"Every year recently, the editors could say 'You know, I have been young and rich, never have been old.' But today's young people can say, 'You never have been young in the world I am young in, and you never can be.' This is the common experience of parents and their children: in the same, all of us who were here and moved before the 1940s are immigrants."

—Morton Mandel in *Children And Citizens*, a study of the immigrant line, Doubleday, \$7.75

The familiarity of Z, the banality of Bob & Carol & John & Mary

BY LARRY ZOLF



Z

It is Greek for He Is Alive and it's the title for one of the 10 new films on my list this year. Directed by Costis Gavras and featuring Yves Montand, Irene Pappas and Jean-Louis Trintignant, *Z* is a multifaceted confidence.

It is a fast-paced, relentless action thriller and a political allegory that both underlines and transcends the modern Greek tragedy of Junta Bureaucracy. As political satire, *Z* is the kind of film that only hurts you when you laugh.

Costis Gavras deliberately based his film on actual Greek political events of the past few years — that is, on political assassination, wholesale corruption, police brutality and coup d'état.

What occurred on about *Z* was that the kidnapping, even if depicted all seemed so apocalyptically headless. The *Silents* not that killed Lambrakis (Yves Montand) looked very much like Chicago As with John Kennedy, Lambrakis's skull and brain are crushed but the violent heart beats on for hours. Like the American democratic Left, Greek reformers argue endlessly about surveillance and legislation rather than action as the title-

travels briefly stop in to lift the obvious political veil.

Costis Gavras shares with Theodoros Angelopoulos and the other recent Greek historians the conviction that history teaches lessons. In *Z* he leans on the gift of historical insight (which we can only ignore at our peril) if a party can rule the home of Athenian Democracy. Today, perhaps a party will rule the home of Hellenic Democracy tomorrow.

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice While Hollywood decides to devote its full arsenal of production-value slickness to bring to cinematic life a short-and-sweet tale of two far-too-couples full of sexual fury satisfying nothing, it comes up with *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*.

Obviously, somebody had fun making this liberal Robinsonesque. It opens with Richard (Richard Culp) and wife Carol (Natalie Wood) on their way to a touch-and-suck group-therapy session-type seminar with corruptive friends. It closes with Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice in bed together in a Las Vegas hotel room, except that Bob is with Alice (Dyan Cannon) and Carol is with Ted (Elliott Gould).

So much for the scenario. Thankfully, my own viewing was pain some comedy relief by two women in the sex beyond me. It makes a mockery of sex, it's dead-as-fall," said me. "It's one of the best movies of my kind," and the other "What beautiful figures they have," said the first, in *Natalie and Dyan* unadorned for the eyes. "I

hope he takes his hands off" and first stepped in the washstand. "I hope they don't do that," they both shouted in unison as they satly little Dick reached his pointless little conclusion.

John And Mary: This latest Peter Yates epic adds this engaging, exasperating, sexy quartet: Gus John (Dennis Hopper) and Mary (Mia Farrow) live merely over after if John will not marry Mary? The answer, if you care, is no.

The problem with John and Mary is that in this case the leads of an actor for a movie film. "Do you think you must a job?" who John at one point. At another he asks three structural declarations: "If it's going to be serious, it had better be right," and, "Running away from each other won't work any more."

John And Mary is really no more than a New Morality update on the old soap opera. Manifestly trying to provide some byways, some sense of the on-screen. Morality complexities has based script by taking on that John's mother was a Depression-era Old Lady, forever predicting and mourning for some worthy cause. Mary's presence heralded in a liberalized, married, first season of the New Left persuasion, forever mouthing clichés about the streets, students and the war in Vietnam. Perhaps this film is really a subtle entrance in Martin's dialogue — son of Old Lady falls in love with daughter of Mary And Ted in the audience line pointing but the price of *John And*

ROULETTE OF THE MONTH

Together with actress Ming Naught, director Marianne Claiborne has written *The Bitch*, a play for The Young People's Theatre, which opens at the Columbia University, Miss Claiborne is writer-director. *The Bitch* is a play for The Young People's Theatre, which opens at the Columbia University, Miss Claiborne is writer-director. *The Bitch* is a play for The Young People's Theatre, which opens at the Columbia University, Miss Claiborne is writer-director.

—Toronto Daily Star



Open one row of your nearest Toronto Dominion branch.

What's in it for you? Well, you'll have a great family vacation.
Whatever you're got in mind, we'll help you save
for it faster. And with maximum bank security.
Money. It's a good feeling to know that you've got
it all in a 4.75% Premium Savings Account at

the bank where people make the difference

RY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

In the pressure world of Canadian television, no single area is more neurotic about criticism than the CBC's news department. Journalistic courage is one of the main reasons why the corporation was called into being. Any suggestion that it is falling down on the job is like telling a hockey player he can't skate with his head.

Such a suggestion was contained in a somewhat inaccurate *Time* magazine report published a few weeks ago. The article said in effect that CTV's terrible 11 p.m. newscast had not only bitten into its building opposition, the CBC's *National News*, but had achieved territorial supremacy in terms of Nielsen ratings. The figures belie me in this statement. Had, of

starts, been supplied by CTV. The CBC reacted with predictable outrage and contradictory rating figures of its own. For a while it looked as though the *National's* Warren Davis was about to see CTV's Harvey Kerk for allocation of audience attention.

One result of the daylight was to focus attention on the network news services at a time when journalistic performance everywhere is undergoing critical analysis. Once the dust had settled on this particular issue, certain factors became clear. CTV has indeed captured about six

To me, however, the significant thing is not the

CTV's catching up. It's the number of Canadians who are hooked to one or other of the 11 p.m. broadcasts. Add the ratings together and you get the startling average of 3,454,000 people watching the news each night. That's more than one-tenth of the entire population, which must be a devilishly high percentage of everybody awake that hour. It is fair to say that as a nation we depend to an astonishing extent on the network broadcasts for hour-to-hour information.

Specifically, the CBC gives us the most balanced and comprehensive coverage of any network on this continent. Not only does the corporation maintain a string of trained foreign correspondents but frequently (sometimes not frequently at all)

The major weakness of the CTV newscast is a visible lack of money. But it has a Kask, the most polished newscaster Canada has developed in many a long year. And its reporting of outside events is usually accurate of far lesser days anything

CBC presents *All in a ILCTV* has a fine sense of style — particularly evident in the well-written background to the *Niger*.

Neither network, then, has much to be ashamed about. Both are fulfilling their function more than adequately. The only mystery why the sudden impromptu swing to CDM?

He convinced the investors in the CBC's disastrous decision to hold the Saturday and Sunday newscasts in the new shuttered *Weekend Journal*. "We are trying to scare people away from the 11 o'clock news habit," said Ray Shoen, shortly before he ceased to be executive coordinating producer of *Weekend Journal* and during the latest shake-up. His ambition was unattained: The evidence is that Canadians like the 11 o'clock news habit and they are prepared to watch all phases of long-standing it. They don't get what they want

In fact, the Weekend as pertinent exposed the only major flaw I can find in our TV news services, namely the chance that world events adhere to the Anglo-Saxon five-day work week, thus nothing much happens between noon on Saturday and Monday morning. That other economic notion was that

tuned in the Sunday morning when the Japanese, with lives sacrificed for Western civilization, chose to board Pearl Harbor. Yet both networks still present abhor-

Since there are only two English-language Sunday newspapers in this country, TV is missing a golden opportunity. I think the *Sunday Newsweek* should be expanded to 30 minutes or even a hour of hard news, backed by a tightly edited recap of the main events of the previous seven days. *Seven Days*, the celebrated program began after all as a newspaper program, a *Newsweek* of the air. Perhaps when the CBS forget that idea is the point at which everything started to go wrong. □

00000000



Leann Riley; Photo: Nargood

And The Phantom Band: A Rantown Carved in Air (Columbia) The first work here is one of those quirky indie masterpieces that are just too true to be only good. If there ever is a spirit of the future, or a true amalgam of pop and classical, Riley will be its Christen. **Montevideo Orfeo**

(Telefunken) Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducts the shimmering, aching-to-be-definitive version of what amounts to the first opera. The entire production retains an appropriate chamber-like ambience that misses being solemn by just a few tempo markings.

Tiny Tina: For All My Little Friends (Reprise) What can you say about something as appropriate as this children's album? Like Tiny (and, sometimes, children), the record is weird, charming, sometimes lovely, and not a little freaky.

Design Reinhardt And the American Jazz Group (Frothing). After several hearings of this LP, you become convinced that Perle was the focal point of 1970.

in the 1990s. The addition of Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins makes this re-release all the more enticing.

Hans Werner Henze: The Raft Of The Frigate "Medusa"
(Deutsche Grammophon)
The raft in question was launched from a wrecked French frigate off the coast of Africa in 1816. The event, in turn, became a political cause célèbre, the subject of a Gracianal painting and, now, the theme of this stunning secular oratorio by the youthful German avant-gardist.

— PETER GODDARD

How bureaucrats deal with such rebels as Riel and David Ward

BY RON HAYTER

ABOUT A CENTURY ago, when Louis Riel raised his own flag in the shield of the Métis, not even Ottawa reacted with violence. The army fought him, the politicians associated him with the Métis, and eventually they tried him for treason and hanged him. Today, when a troublemaker speaks up on the same subject, they don't call out the army, they've got the bureaucrats instead.

Take the man who won't sit down and shut up in a 34-year-old half-breed, half-white Edmonton alderman named David Ward, who wants Louis Riel recognized as a national hero. Ward has been making a lot of noise about this idea, and Ottawa's response has been simply to ignore his actions, pass paper from one departmental desk to another, then meet, when pressed, that the whole thing is actually a provincial responsibility.

Ward's one-sided war with Ottawa has not focused as much on the recognition of Riel as on the question of government support for the Louis Riel Festival, which Ward established three years ago as an annual festival in Edmonton. Last June, Ward asked three governments (federal, provincial, federal) to help foot the bill for the present. Two went through with the \$1,000 Ward was asked for, but Ottawa began to balk. But Ward calls "a saga of back-gang government procrastination and waffling."

Ward directed several letters to the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, and that personally signed when there was no reply. "That was the

worst kind of insult," he says. "I was so mad I could have chewed rock. By fall he was nervous enough to telephone the department's regional office, threatening, among other things, to kill Prime Minister Trudeau, unless he got an immediate reply. Late in November I wrote in Ward pointed out, was "only five months and 10 days" after he first wrote. He got a reply (from R. M. Sturges), regional superintendent of Indian Affairs. While conceding it was "informative," Ward hadn't had a reply sooner, Sturges cried both law and policy in protest for refusing to back the project.

Ward dashed off a letter to Prime Minister Trudeau. But now he muddled the story by suggesting the fireworks was a personal rejection: "Am I to understand," he asked with aldermanic rhetoric, "that because I have Eskimo and not Indian blood in my veins, I will be denied a cultural grant to do work that will benefit Canada?" Maybe if you would help us recognize and remember our heroes, we wouldn't have to watch David Boocoe on television."

Ottawa responded with a flood of paper. Trudeau's secretary, Beverly Lavigne, replied that he had referred the matter to David Thomson who man the PM's writers regional desk. Thomson wrote promising to "look into the matter as soon as possible." W. Hilary Rogers, an assistant director in Indian Affairs, confirmed that his department wouldn't be spending a penny towards back, but suggested the Sec-

retary of State might.

At about this point an Indian Affairs spokesman in Edmonton accused Ward of promoting "a dishonest publicity gambit," he knows full well that our department deals only with Indians, and that Métis are the responsibility of the provinces. "What's more, the spokesman went on, the Louis Riel Festival is "Dave Ward's affair. Ward's concern for the Indian and Métis is exceeded only by his concern for himself."

CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 48

One day I'll get you into
And take a trip to Freud
And what, pray, is Freud?
Is the opposite of inertia and a
good example of a phenomenon
found lurking in the
weight zone of the English
language — the last position.
Our language is rich in negative
particles, from the "is" of
apologetic through "do," "do,"
"it" and "on" to the "is" of
encomiastic. The result:
hundreds of perfectly valid
positive forms have dropped
out of the vocabulary. It was
only because of P. G. Wodehouse's
unimpaired observation,
"While he wasn't disgruntled,
he wasn't exactly grateful
either," that one of our most
descriptive words came back
into use. We're not so well
off linguistically that we
couldn't make use of such
words as shrivelled, fustled and
the all but obsolete cough.
The usual prize for the wit
writing cryptic couplets accom-
panying test questions. Ac-
cording to Contest No.
48, Maurice's 4th Chemistry
Ave., Toronto 101. Deadline:
March 23.

RESULTS OF CONTEST

NO. 43

Readers were asked to suggest outrageous questions that Gordon Sinclair might ask any famous person — real or fictional — including himself — appearing in a *Focus* Page Challenge game. You will be delighted to know there was an ego-boos-

ing response in terms of numbers of entries. He would be less delighted by the general tone. Exuberant sentimentality, even those who said they "loved the old SOB," belated Sinclair capable of stirring incredible credulity. Some of the best products of the broadcaster's style were simply inapplicable. The judges, therefore, decided to award only one prize: Eddie Glynnak and his friends, Alts, were \$25 for this impudent interrogation:

"Tell me, Mr. Sinclair, considering the inflated importance of this man you ignored, don't you think you were overpaid for sleeping in the Roman?"
And tell me that other you got, was that the real McCoy or some of that crap with all the medals in it? Pure abuse, ah? Thirty points? Let's see, that's not you, even some of your whiffles or blow it all on some of your assets? You give it all back — eh? Hey, Jude did you repeat that extra income to Members? Why? Because he's the tax collector's wife? He's just like you who make it tough on honest taxpayers like us? You say you're too poor to pay any real money? Listen, I'll bet not too many people know the but I've inherited all over India and I am going to let some off that you, You're on, Betty. ☐



The Smirnoff Brunch: a place in the sun

Drinking comes out of the duck when Smirnoff people gather for the holidays. It's the Day Life: a weekend of Screw-Drivers and Sizzurrring, fondue, crisp croissants and Smirnoff Mules. A light touch, a laughing time: a time for Smirnoff people to splay in the sun.

Smirnoff it follows you headfirst



THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES

All over the world the swing is to Rothmans King Size. Rothmans extra length, finer filter and the best tobacco money can buy, give you true King Size flavour. Rothmans King Size really satisfies.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING - MOST WANTED
KING SIZE VIRGINIA